

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Original Poetry.

"Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters."

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
For results make no provision;
But with faith that never falters
Sow thy seed, and fill thy mission!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Willing souls make no complaining;
And delay no guerdon offers,
Cast it early, time is waning!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ere the golden bowl be broken,
Ere the oracles that taught us
Be but words untimely spoken!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Cast it, ere the cup is shattered,
And the deed will yet allot us
Blessings that are freely scattered!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Out upon the boundless ocean,
And before celestial altars
Bow thy head in meek devotion!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
To that ocean is no limit,
For the symbol long hath taught us
Some poor, suffering soul may win it!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Oh, for words and deeds combining!
Oh for types and models, not as
With a spurious lustre shining!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Oh, for things sublime and real!
Oh, for life that sweetly brought us
Visions of its own ideal!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
With a trust that never falters
Sow thy seed, the soil is ready!

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
A divine command, oh heed it!
Whether it be loaves or coffers,
Deeds of mercy, all are needed!

Victoria Tilt, or Social Freedom.

BY DUFF MACDUFF.

[Written for the Journal.]

Uncle Jabez and Aunt Abby Upham were the possessors and peaceful occupants of a farm-house in the outskirts of the village of Bileville, and a more "harmoniously mated" pair it were difficult to find. They did not even indulge in the slight squalls which sometimes in the best ordered households disturb the monotony of the matrimonial sea. Even the tone of voice in which they pronounced each other's names, revealed a deep and complete satisfaction. Jabez spoke the name of his wife as a devotee would that of a patron saint, and when he familiarly called her "Mother," he evidently considered it an impropriety. Aunt Abby always gave his name the rising inflection, as though she asked, "Who is better?"

The secret of this harmony was not in similarity, for so far from being alike, they were widely different. Aunt Abby was a quiet and dignified matron, who at sixty, possessed the ripened qualities, which, though charming in girlhood, are only prophecies. Her sharply chiseled features indicated a practical mind, and, quiet as she appeared, she was the real financial manager. She had the keenest appreciation of justice and right, as well as of abhorrence of wrong; and was always self-poised and possessed. If she advised in business, Uncle Jabez received her suggestions with gratitude. The good, easy soul was satisfied with himself, the world, and especially with Abby. His countenance was polished with benevolence and good cooking. Now that the battle of life had been fought, he desired, as the victor, to repose under the shadow of his own vine, and always inclined to lean on the unwearied energy of his companion. All the duties she assumed were so many less for him.

The history of their courtship was a stock story with Jabez when on winter evenings the young folks dropped in from the village, and although Aunt Abby expostulated, her interference added fuel to his ardor. An endless series of "apple parings" and "huskings" far away in Connecticut, brought about the final catastrophe. It was "finished and done," if memory serve me rightly at a "husking," where the rustle of the bladed stalks enabled them to converse unheard by the merry company.

That occurred, as I said, far away in Connecticut, across half a continent and almost half a century of years. Their hopes were high and their castles too grand to build on the rocky soil of the East. They bravely dared the wilderness, then the "far West," and built a cabin where their farm-house now stands. Side by side they labored and suffered, for the combat with the wild, is no child's play. Coarse food and coarse home-made garments were theirs, and the miasm of the forest, freshly opened to the sun, bred fever in their veins, and they alternately felt its cold touch of death, and its raging fire. Then they looked to each other for care and nursing, and often received such attentions when the hand that gave was almost as weak as that which received.

They had watched beside the cradle of five children, each of whom drew tighter and stronger the golden strands by which their lives

were bound together. The youngest, Joshua, remained with them; three others had taken enviable positions in society, and one, next to the eldest, a frail flower, had early been transplanted to the gardens of paradise, but not until she had taken deep hold on her parents' hearts, and ever after they stood supporting each other by her grave, oblivious of the sympathy of the rough pioneers. Her memory, like an angel presence, bound them by more holy ties.

The wilderness, under the united efforts of the indomitable emigrants, vanished, and golden grain waved where century-old trees had shook their boughs in the wind. The howl of the gaunt wolf was supplemented by the bleating of flocks and lowing of herds. A village, ambitious to become a city, had sprung up near the farm, and where the wild deer had scarce a beaten path, civilization laid an iron way over which it sent its freighted trains like gigantic shuttles, weaving the web of national prosperity. It was a grand result to show for forty years of labor, and as I drove up the south road to their dwelling, late one October afternoon, and saw Uncle and Aunt sitting on the porch, engaged in what might readily be mistaken for a lover's interview, my thoughts were drawn from the broad fields, the well-filled barns, the bending orchards, to the geni who had fought and won this battle of industry, and now in full enjoyment of its fruit, were the crowned rulers of the domain. As the golden rays of the low sun, mellowed by the October haze, shimmered through the latticed vines, and fell over them, I exclaimed: "How beautiful is ripened age; how glorious a life of uses, and how much more beautiful the love which endures and blooms in such tranquility and fragrance!"

"Well, Neffy," said Uncle Jabez, "how is it at the village to-day? I thought you were not coming out again this week."

"I did not intend to," I replied, "but we have a new sensation. Have you seen the Bileville Herald for to-day? No?—well, then, I shall have the pleasure of telling news. A woman, Mrs. Victoria Tilt, is lecturing at Bumblebee hall."

"A woman?" asked Aunt Abby, her usual quiet entirely disappearing; "what on earth is she lecturing on?" The emphasis laid on "she," spoke volumes.

"On Phrenology, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, the Laws of Health, Dietetics and other subjects I forget. She is an eloquent exponent of these new themes, and is pleasing to listen to."

"And I presume wants to vote and do other things no other woman ever dreamed of doing," broke in Aunt Abby.

"Certainly," she demands the franchise. I have no doubt but woman will vote, and you, Auntie, I firmly believe, will be first to avail yourself of that right."

"No you don't, Neffy!" she cried excitedly; "no you don't, and your conversation and attending these lectures does not accord with your early training."

"Really, Aunt, I regret to find you so conservative, and I fear prejudiced, for I came expressly to induce Uncle and you to attend the lecture to-night."

"Not I; indeed not I," she replied with dignity, "but Jabez can go if he desires."

The tone indicated the impossibility of Jabez wanting to go, yet, strange to say, and contradictory to his whole life, he did want to go, and so expressed himself. He was suddenly seized with a morbid hankering to hear a woman lecture, and the suggestive hints of Aunt Abby only increased his desire. Had I foreknown the consequences to arise from his attending that lecture, I should sooner have invited him to his grave, but the future wisely is concealed from us, and in consequence I unwillingly became the instrument of Jabez' ruin.

Aunt Abby, hoping delay might change his mind, postponed supper till the latest, but Jabez, instead of becoming unsettled in his purpose, became more determined, or, as Aunt said, "infatuated." As the wild antelope is drawn to its doom by the waving of an object which excites its curiosity, and the moth to the flame, so too often man is led astray by an infatuation which enters at the same gateway. Jabez had read of phrenology—of reading character by the bumps of the skull, of mesmerism and clairvoyant miracles, and much in praise of bran diet, and now to have the entire course of fresh dishes served up by a woman, presented a bill-of-fare quite irresistible. I have since thought he would not have been as ardently desirous of hearing a woman lecture, had Aunt Abby given him an occasional taste: the home-brewed article. Caustic and vitreous are the only comparatives with such a beverage left over for a day or two, to thoroughly concentrate and sour, and had Aunt uncorked a bottle, the result, perhaps, would have been far different. She, however, lost the opportunity, and after supper, Uncle Jabez, carefully twisting his side locks over the top of his bald head, put on his hat, and bidding Aunt good-by, we drove away.

It was late when we arrived at the hall, and quite difficult to force an entrance, all the "roughs" in town having apparently gathered around the doorway. Mrs. Victoria Tilt had begun her lecture, and her subject for the evening being "The Social Organs," she had become warm and glowing on "woman's sphere," as revealed by the study of such organs. She was, perhaps, thirty years of age, and attired in a dress that was an attempt at a coat; a sort of hybrid, with long skirts, but turning over like a coat in front, revealing a white bosom and collar, and a gentleman's tie. Her hair was cropped short and combed like a boy's, which imparted a strange aspect to her otherwise well formed face. It did not require close study to discern the expression of unsatisfied expectancy and unrest, or the weak lines mingled with the strong of an over-wearing self-conceit and boldest selfishness. Had it not

been for her asserting manners, her style would have been pleasing. Her lecture was common place, gathered from careful reading of the trash of Fowler and his ilk, with here and there a wild assertion intended for a brave utterance. It was, however, all new to Uncle Jabez, who sat in amazement at her volubility, to which Abby, in her most ecstatic mood, was as a trout stream to Niagara.

When she closed and pronounced "examinations" in order, Jabez Upham was the first name called by the committee, and was repeated in manifold variations, and by the roughs most villainously intoned. The calling continued until he went forward, and, amid loud applause, seated himself on the platform. Mrs. Tilt comprehended by this means that he was a character, and said so at once. Her nimble fingers disentangled the side locks which, combed upward, overlapped his conspicuous baldness, and then played over the polished surface, as on the keys of a piano. She meantime kept up a running fire of generalities applicable to mankind in general and everybody in particular, but which was received by the crowd as remarkably accurate. "He is benevolent," a score bore witness. "He is unselfish and easy with his debtors." "Good for you," cried a dozen who had stood in that relation to him for unknown years.

"This man," continued Mrs. Tilt, "is remarkably pure minded," and she gave his side locks a cuff upward. "He is generous to a fault, and liable to become the prey to those who are willing to take advantage of his goodness." I could see that Uncle was flattered. How could she know the past? Was it not true that he had been repeatedly preyed upon? Twice last year by patent-rights men, and only six months ago had been caught in a patent "moth-trap?"

Mrs. Victoria Tilt, as was her custom, came last to the "loves." Her rule was to give the gentleman a decided preference for the opposite sex, and the ladies a strong repulsion. Any one could readily see that the benevolent Jabez would feel such inclinations, and Mrs. Tilt said so, intimating by a theatrical gesture a great deal more than she said, and was highly applauded.

"His aspirations are high," she continued, running her fingers back and forth along his base brain. His soul demands congeniality and sympathy. The sharpness of this ridge tells me that his highest, deepest, purest love has never been drawn out. There is a void which has never been filled. Being remarkably fond of having his own way—see what fineness!—he should have a soul companion who gracefully yields to his judgment. He would be singularly unhappy if he could not be at the head of his house."

As the entire village knew that Aunt Abby was properly the "head" of the house of Jabez & Co., and that he was pleased with the arrangement, this statement met with prolonged applause, which Mrs. Tilt construed into a flattering acknowledgement of her correctness. She continued, "Ah, yes; he should bestow his love on a noble, high-minded woman, who only could call out his highest affections and awaken his most generous impulses. If he should unfortunately be united by law to a wife who sought to control him, and did not understand his sensitive nature, he would be a most wretched man. The law of affinity can not be broken through with impunity, and artificial enactment and conventionalities can not stifle the yearnings of the soul for congeniality."

Uncle Jabez left the platform amid vociferous cheers, and I learned on the way home that the random arrows of Mrs. Tilt had in him found a target.

"Wonderful woman," said he; "she is endowed with a knowledge of the past. How exactly she spoke of my being preyed upon by those patent-rights rascals, and my generosity; and I will tell you, Neffy, I have felt the 'yearning,' and 'void,' and the 'impulses' she spoke of, but never knew until now what they meant."

"I presume you will attend to-morrow night, Uncle?"

"Of course I desire to, but I warrant Abby will doubly oppose my so doing. Let's see—what is her subject?"

"Our Social Relations."

"Oh, yes, and a most interesting one. It has lasted too long, and needs a thorough overhauling."

I have not the least idea that Uncle Jabez ever gave "our social relations" an hour's thought in his whole previous life of sixty years. He had been satisfied, and it had never occurred to him that the said relation needed tinkering. It came on him like a flash that something was wrong, for had he not "yearnings," a "void" and unanswered "impulses," and if everything was as it should be, would he have them?

I sincerely hoped Aunt Abby would restrain him; but she sadly failed, and did the next best thing, she accompanied him to the lecture. The subject dipping down into the lower nature, attracted the crowd, and Bumblebee hall was densely packed. Bileville knew little of the demi-monde, but all its delectable representatives were present, and as they considered Mrs. Victoria Tilt their representative, thrust forward to vindicate their cause, they put on a brazen front, and were rampant.

Victoria Tilt, pale with excitement, brought herself slowly up to the work in hand. She demolished marriage, which she declared slavery, to which negro servitude was a pin-prick to a fiery furnace. She said the most beautiful word in the language was love, and the next was freedom. Put these two together, and you have free-love, the most exquisite word of all. "What I want," fiercely said Mrs. Victoria Tilt, "is freedom. I want to do as I please. To political and religious freedom I want added, social freedom. I want all marriage laws abolished. No laws should interfere with the di-

vine right of the soul. I have a right to love whom I please, and as long or as short a time as I please, and government should protect me in my right. The laws of chemical affinity should be sublimated into the sphere of the affections. If one goes into a garden of flowers, do we say, "If you admire a lily you must not look at any other flower?" Rather do we not admire the rose the more because we admire the lily, the tulip and violet? We should be free to admire all the flowers that bloom, and the law which would confine us to one, would be the blackest tyranny."

"Here she was hissed, but continued: "As virtue and chastity are only names given to the observance of false marriage laws, by abolishing those laws you at once destroy, and forever, the gigantic social evil which has confounded your statesmen."

"Bravo!" shouted a score of voices. I glanced at Aunt Abby, and saw she would endure little more, and only her innate good breeding restrained her from retiring before the conclusion.

I have her word that her indignation was so inexpressible that she did not speak on the way home. When she closed her door and enjoyed the privacy of her own home, her tongue was loosened, and Jabez received a portion which, had it been administered earlier, might have saved him, but now only aggravated his disorder, as it clearly proved to him that Aunt Abby was not the "noble-minded" ideal who should be his, and that his "impulses" were restrained more severely than he ever was aware of.

"We have come to a pretty pass," said she, "when vulgar license no longer conceals itself in honest shame, but with brazen impudence parades and vindicates itself."

"I do not think," demurred Jabez, "that you manifest a Christian spirit. Mrs. Tilt appears to be a true and noble woman. She may go too far, and be fanatical, but no one can impute to her wrong motives. Her private life is spotless, and to know is to love her. The social evil, of which she so feelingly speaks, is terrible, and if it can be obviated so easily, who can object?"

The "social evil" there is every reason to suppose, never entered Uncle Jabez' mind before that evening, but already it had become an all-devouring monster.

"I care nothing about your 'social evil,'" cried Aunt Abby in vexation; "what on earth is the matter with you, Jabez?"

Jabez, not understanding himself, for the life of him could not tell, so he replied at random:

"The marriage institution will undoubtedly be abolished in a couple of years at most, being outgrown, and we shall be free to follow our natural impulses and attractions. It is already shaken to its foundation by the 'social evil.'"

Aunt scarcely awaited his conclusion before she exclaimed, with just the glint of a tear in her eyes:

"I have supposed for forty years that you were free to follow your attractions, and they were toward me. Had I not believed this, firmly as I believe in God, I should never have been the mother of our five children. Had I supposed you had attractions all over the garden, you should never have plucked me."

"I have always been," replied the conscience smitten Jabez.

"Well, then, what is the use of talking? You say marriage is to be abolished; it is destroyed by the 'social evil.' I tell you marriage is a rock of adamant against which all such 'social theories, and 'social reformers' shall be wrecked, while it remains, everlasting. Your feet tremble, and you think it an earthquake; and as for the 'social evil,' you let it alone and it will let you alone."

"Should we not be free to love? Would it not be a tyranny if we were forced to live together?"

"You were free to love me, and I you, and we freely entered the relations of marriage. The whole labor of our long lives is now dependent on the permanency of this compact, and on each other. I say now we are not free. The laws of man are as nothing to the higher forces by which we are bound together. I love my children so well that I would suffer a thousand deaths before I would prove myself false to the obligations I assumed when I gave them life."

Aunt Abby grew eloquent in the intensity of her feelings. Her quick insight perceived that Jabez was changing. She felt that her feet rested on sand, slowly yielding, but the cause, the length and breadth of her trouble, was from her inscrutably concealed. She retired and fell asleep, not dreaming of the fatal poison which, more subtle than that of the worahra-dipped shaft, had entered his mind, nor that over her a great calamity was inevitably to fall.

The next day Uncle Jabez received an invitation to call at the parlor of Victoria Tilt, at the Bileville hotel. Uncle at first thought he would not accept the invitation, but as the time drew near he became restless—so restless he walked down the road to the village. He went on, and on, and then thought he would just drop in. It would be slighting the lady not to do so, and only ordinary courtesy to comply. He was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Victoria Tilt, who advanced to meet him in most cordial fashion. She said she had broken the rules of propriety in inviting him, she was well aware, but such rules were tyrannical, and if a lady desired a gentleman to call, she could see no harm in her so expressing herself. Jabez could not, so in one minute, conventionalities being broken down, they were on the best of terms. The beauty of conventionalities is that you can allow the approach of any one, yet always have the power to prevent further advance, and to cut off intrusiveness. A kind tyrant is conventional after all, and when once dethroned can never be re-

stored.

After an hour of delightful conversation, during which the doubtful points in the previous evening's lecture were made plain in the comprehension of Jabez, Mrs. Victoria Tilt asked, in her most winsome way, if he had ever seen any of the wonders of clairvoyance; and on learning that he had not, replied:

"My main reason for inviting you here this evening is to show you some of its phenomena. I saw by your organization, the evening you came on the platform, that you at least ought to believe in this astonishing science, and I concluded before I departed to give you an opportunity to investigate."

Uncle was extremely grateful for her thoughtfulness. Indeed he was delighted.

"It is so injurious to my nervous organization that I do not pass into that state often, but now consent to gratify you."

"You the clairvoyant?" exclaimed Uncle Jabez, who associated that power by which the mind is unfolded, to the perception of angels with all that is pure and holy.

"Yes, I am a clairvoyant," she replied, and folding her hands in a pretty manner, she closed her eyes, gave a few convulsive starts, and became apparently unconscious to the grossness of this miserable, earthly existence. Uncle sat awe-struck and all-believing. At length a voice, deep and sepulchral, spoke through the lips of the unconscious Mrs. Tilt: "I am glad to meet you, Jabez Upham. A great and glorious mission is before you. You at last have caught a gleam of truth, and I know you are bold and brave enough to support it. You are just out of the Red sea of bondage, and are free."

"Who am I conversing with?" asked the confused and confounded Jabez.

"I am the spirit of the great Cicero. It was I who gave the grand speech last night. I have controlled the lady's organism since she was a child. She, as well as you, has a great mission, and you are to work in unison. Attractions should be followed, and you should have manliness enough to follow them. You must be free after forty years of marriage servitude. Every one, according to the God-made laws, had a mate, and this lady is yours. Your union has been perfected in heaven, and you are already married by the 'powers of the air.'"

There was a long silence, when Jabez, partially arousing himself from what may be called the effects of a moral narcotic, said some incoherent sentence about Abby, and being already married to her.

"It is necessary for some one to begin the war by protesting," said the immortal Cicero, through the unconscious and pure Mrs. Victoria Tilt, "and if you suffer inconvenience, you can rest satisfied in being true to yourself, even if the world dooms you to martyrdom."

Uncle Jabez had as little of the stuff martyrs are made of in his composition as is allowable, but the idea pleased him, and Cicero met his doubts concerning Abby:

"She whom you call wife, should be pleased to let you go where you will be more happy, and such a boundless field of usefulness presents itself. If others offer greater attractions to you than she, it would be extremely selfish in her to keep you to herself. By so doing all three are made miserable, while otherwise at worst she alone would be unhappy."

Jabez desired to know about his children. Would not his actions disgrace them?

Cicero replied that he lived for himself, and not for his family. Whatever disgrace fell to them was not his fault, but society's. One by one his objections drifted away under the sweeping eloquence of the resurrected Cicero, until at least he could express no reason why he did not fully concur. After an hour's communion, such as he fully believed few mortals ever enjoyed, with a sweet start of surprise the innocent eyes of Mrs. Victoria Tilt opened, and she exclaimed with self-compunction:

"Oh, Mr. Upham, you must regard me as a dull companion, for I have certainly fallen asleep."

"And do you recollect the communication you have made?" asked Uncle Jabez in astonishment.

"Communication? I pray from whom?"

"From the great Roman orator, the immortal Cicero," replied the all-believing.

"Oh, Cicero!" she cried in a transport of joy, "he is my dear, dear guardian spirit! Has he been here? Has he condescended to use my poor lips to speak his golden words? It was prophesied long ago that he would come. O blessed, blessed hour."

"And you remember not a word?" persisted Jabez.

"Not a single word," replied the dove-eyed Mrs. Victoria Tilt; "to me the hour is a profound blank. I am rejoiced that you were present to catch the first words of the grand spirit. I was, I now know, impressed to send for you. Oh, I am so glad, Mr. Upham, you were present. What did this great and exalted spirit say, at this his first interview?"

Uncle Jabez then proceeded to repeat, as near as possible for him to remember, the communication. Mrs. Victoria Tilt interrupted him by little starts and exclamations, and just as he finished threw herself sobbing on his shoulder, exclaiming: "Oh, my guide, my Cicero, has at last conducted me to my true mate! I understand now why I was attracted to you! Why I dared to write! O freedom, blessed freedom! You will obey the voice of the great orator who is so deeply interested in your welfare? You will break through the senseless tyranny of conventionality! Oh, my heart of hearts tells me you will, and we shall be so happy!"

You have heard of fascination—the power of snakes and birds, and of psychology, which is the same when exercised by one person over another. There is a narrow scientific base for

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Select Poetry.

A WIND IN THE STREET.

A country wind is in the street;
This blowing soft, 'tis blowing sweet;
How fresh it falls on cheek and eyes!
'Tis kissing us from Paradise.
Oh, it has traveled sea and height,
On thyme flowers, the red and white,
O'er golden gorse, and rosy bells;
That spread their petals to the dells;
It slumbered all a perfunctory night
On hundred hues of blossom bright;
And shook its wings in glowing skies,
Where lost in blue the planet dies;
And sped away to farm and fold,
All touched with morning's early gold.
It leaped upon the sleeping lake,
And waked the fawns with waving brake;
It rustled through the leaf-hung deeps
Where'er the shy-eyed squirrel leaps,
And out on grass and plough in line,
With song of birds and lowing kine;
And now 'tis in the mist-blue street,
But newly thronged with passing feet!
Why blows it here so light and glad
On many a forehead dark and sad?
It is that God's immortal love,
From radiant plains in Heaven above,
Has suddenly, in pity, come
To visit Man's overworn home,
And breathes a breath of hope and life
On scenes of sorrow, care, and strife.

—Chamber's Journal.

THE TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE AND PHENOMENA.

A Paper Read at the Spiritual Institute, Southampton Row, March 27th, 1872.

[From the (London, Eng.) Spiritual Magazine.]

Having attended on Wednesday evening, the 13th of March, the reading of a very interesting paper at the Spiritual Institute, by Mr. Harris, of the Anthropological Institute, and feeling that your earnest appeal to the ladies to give their experience ought not to remain without response, I willingly give my experience of "Spiritual Intercourse and phenomena." I shall do so as briefly as I can, but as it extends over a period of twenty years, I fear I shall incur your criticism, at the rather disjointed style I am consequently forced to adopt. It is a source of pain to me, that on account of family ties, and the estrangements my convictions might cause amongst those I hold very dear, I can not come personally and give my name. You will, I trust, understand, and feel for me in this difficulty.

I date my first convictions of the truth of spiritual phenomena from the year 1852, about the time of Mrs. Haydon's arrival in this country from America. I was invited to meet her at a large private hotel in Wimpole street, by Mr. H. S. Thompson, the well-known mesmerist. Having another engagement for that evening, I was necessarily very late, and found the seance at an end. On the expression of my disappointment, Mrs. Haydon, at that time a perfect stranger to me, came forward, leaving the rest of the party in animated and rather noisy conversation. She kindly said, "Sit at this small table, take the alphabet, and I will ask the spirits to give you a message." I did as she desired me, and in a few minutes the table seemed alive with rappings, the vibrations of which I distinctly felt on the sole of my foot resting against the leg of the table. This was a help to me, as the noise of the conversation almost drowned the "rappings." I was left quite to myself, and upon my asking whether any spirit wished to communicate with me, an affirmative was given, and the first letter indicated was E, the second A, and the third D. Mrs. Haydon then returned in the kindest manner to see how I was getting on, and finding only E A D said: "Oh, I fear that means nothing; you will not get anything to-night." I answered, "Pray leave me, I am getting on very well." The whole word, Eade, was the name of a very old friend, and a former admirer of mine in youth, who had sent for me on his death-bed some months previously, promising to watch over me. The date of his death, and every other question I put was answered, ending by "I watch over you." I assure you that this death-bed scene had entirely passed from my mind, as I had undergone much trouble and severe affliction connected with those dearer to me in the interval. I dwell on these circumstances, as they are distinct proofs that the assertion made by Dr. Carpenter in his lecture at St. George's hall, that Mrs. Haydon arranged her answers by watching the variation of the inquirer's countenance, was false. Mrs. Haydon did not even approach me after the three letters of the name had been given.

I have years ago obtained remarkable tests through my valuable friend, Dr. Ashburner, Mrs. Barnes, and others, but more recently traveling in Italy about the time Mr. Daniel Home was expelled from Rome by an order from the Vatican, I visited that city, but was careful of speaking on the subject, fearing I might possibly bring upon myself a similar mandate, in consequence of my comparatively very humble mediumship. Conversing, however, one evening with an English gentleman, Mr. P., an old resident in Rome, he discovered my convictions, and asked me as a great favor to have a private seance at his house, for the purpose of convincing his son (a youth of about 20) of the truth of spirit-life hereafter, as he feared he had become quite an infidel. I consented, and upon arriving at the house of this gentleman and his wife (almost utter strangers to me), I placed the indicator on the table. Soon afterward the young man himself entered, and after some jeering remark, placing a pellet upon the table (the pellet was tightly folded), he said: "If you can tell me the contents of that paper, I will believe there is something in this Spiritualism." The door being locked to avoid intrusion, we were in secret and quiet. The indicator, on my placing my hand upon it, went up to the paper, appeared to examine it minutely, came back again, went round it two or three times, and finally commenced indicating the letters on the alphabet, which formed the name "Charlotte Bullock." A vague feeling came over me, that it must be a mistake; but the young man, with trembling hands, unfolded his paper, and on it was inscribed the name "Charlotte Bullock." He left the room, and we entered into conversation about the Pope, Antonelli, and other noted personages, when presently the young man returned with a pellet more tightly twisted than the last, saying: "I know how it was—you must have read my mother's thoughts. She knew I had been attached to a person bearing that name, and thought it likely I should give it." Here is another written out of the room, and whom no one in this house knows anything but myself.

The indicator went through exactly the same movements as before, eventually spelling out "Chandos Pole." The pellet was opened, and contained the words "Chandos Pole." Soon after this, a young Englishman came in and joined a private seance at my house in the Via Condotti, in opposition to the wishes of his guardian. The indicator spelt out in Italian "Perseguitato" (pursued), and presently a violent ringing came at the door-bell. We opened it, fearing some accident, and the guardian rushing in, there found his ward. The ending, however, after some explanation, was amicable.

Another evening, at Rome, an Italian gentle-

man, Signor di Sanctis, a painter, poet and musician, came in to excuse himself for not having called before, alleging that he had sustained a sad bereavement in the death of his father. The indicator was lying—carelessly enough on my part, on the table. He took it up to examine it, never having seen such a little instrument (it was fortunate for me he was not the Pope), and asked me the use of it. I turned off the question, and desired him to place his hand on it with mine. He did so, and, with the alphabet before us, it spelt out "Tommaso." He started back, and, using an expressive exclamation, said: "How could you know my father's Christian name, as he has never been in Rome?" I answered that I had never even heard of his father until he told me of his death; and upon placing our hands upon the indicator again, it spelt out the word "Benedicite." I also received long messages from Gibson, the sculptor, who died that year at Rome.

At Paris, in 1867, I sat with a well-known lady, who is devoting her life and energies to the cause of Spiritualism, and is a well-known most powerful medium, then Miss N. We three were covered by showers of fresh flowers, wet with dew, and evidently pulled from their stems—not cut, as the fibres were visible at the stalks. The lady, at whose house the seance was held, said: "Oh, dear, with such beautiful flowers, we ought to have some water to put them in!" Immediately a stream of water came from the ceiling, and, on lighting a candle, we found the table wetted all over and covered with flowers. At that seance we had various flowers, roses, double white-stocks, mignonette, etc. At the next, pink carnations only. I at each time filled my handkerchief with them, and have some of them still in my possession dried—very dry, as you may imagine; but I keep them to prove that the sight of them was real, and not done to "unconscious cerebration."

Last summer I returned from Bath, where I had been living for a year and a half, and attended one of the seances at Messrs. Herne and Williams', Lamb's Conduit street, for the first time. Every person present was unknown to me, and I believe I was equally unknown to them. It is just possible Mr. Herne might have heard my name, as I had met him at a seance about three years before. After John King had saluted some of the company in his usual fashion, he came to me, styling me "Old dear." I said to him, "John, you say that because you do not know my name; can't you guess it?" He answered, "I have known you too long and too well not to know your name," and he deliberately pronounced it. I said, "Did you know me, then, in Paris?" "Of course I did." "Then you must know [I here mentioned a young person's name, by which she is not known by others], and he answered without hesitation, "What—S—S—, of Bath?" I was astounded! John then said, "There is a spirit near you trying to speak to you. His name is Amos." I begged he would go and ask him what he had to say. John returned in a few seconds, and gave me some words, which were to me such an extraordinary "test," that had I ever doubted, I could not then fail to believe. Since then, I have attended several times, and "Katie" has taken things from my pocket, and I have been taking them from my pocket, and it was utterly impossible for any one to see what I had there. Once she took a sugar plum and put it between the lips of my youngest son, who had gone there a skeptic. She has patted and caressed my face and head, and kissed my hand with apparently the warm lips of a child. She has brought a velvet cloak I had left in another room and thrown it over me, because I felt cold, and the doors were locked. The large plaid shawl of a friend I had seen in an upstairs room three minutes before (the doors being locked), and it came apparently flapping like a large sail through the ceiling, and was thrown over her. The fringe struck our faces as it passed to her, at the other end of the room.

Latterly, wishing to investigate these phenomena in our own private circle, we have inaugurated private seances, and have obtained the most indubitable "tests" by rappings and even the luminous hand. We have a medium of our own for the spirit-voice, and have obtained three or four separate voices, and the most beautiful and touching messages given through these voices from our loved ones "across the river." A friend, sitting with this medium, his family and ourselves, got a message, though with great difficulty, from his mother's spirit, who had been seen by a clairvoyant, sitting at his bedside during a long and painful illness, from which he was only just recovering. The names of my own dear ones "gone before" have been repeatedly given to me by the spirit-voice, with the most characteristic messages, using the same terms of expression and endearment they used in this life; and all this in the presence and in the hearing of four or five of our private circle who have commenced investigating for themselves—the only satisfactory way of obtaining convincing results. I have repeatedly had a cold hand laid upon mine. Hands have pressed on my head so as to bow it down; my dress has been repeatedly and sometimes violently pulled by spirit-hands; a spirit-hand has been laid on my head at night and awakened me, and the spirit-voice has told me afterwards why it came. Objects have been removed from my drawing-room table and placed underneath it, although they were in their places when the room door was locked over night; and a reason for having done this was given by the spirits afterward through a writing medium, who knew nothing whatever herself of the circumstances.

A lady friend, then present, accompanied me to the house of a private medium some distance from London, and although she was entirely unknown (and all the circumstances connected with her) to the medium, the name of her departed daughter was given to her, which overwhelmed the mother with tears of joy. A spirit-voice (not that of her child) addressed her as follows: "Cheer up, there are better days in store for you on earth. I feel compelled to come to you, dear sister, seeing your grief. God will not lay any heavier burden than you are able to bear. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Throw yourself on your knees and say, 'Lord, I give myself up to Thee, for not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Thy will.' If a mother's tears or sighs can reach a child in so high a sphere, will not the heartfelt prayer go up at once to God? Glory to God for permitting these manifestations." It continued, "Few minds can thoroughly grasp this power of communion with the so-called dead, but what a blessing it is to those who can."

Two evenings afterward at my friend's house, the daughter's spirit came again, saying through the voice, "Grieve not for me; I have escaped the evils of this world, and am happy with Jesus." The voice then continued, "What a beautiful spirit; don't grieve for her any more. When you learn to put implicit faith in God, and can say, 'Here I am, Lord; nothing in my hand I bring,' you will feel a greater happiness pervading your whole frame. You have great cause for thankfulness to the father who allows the spirits to come; and when he permits his angels to come, the Great Spirit is always watching over you—his children—here! Cultivate a cheerful disposition; we depend entirely on you and what we draw from those sitting here, for our apparatus. We depend on you when we are in communion with you. You should say, 'O Lord, prepare my mind

that I may be ready to perceive!'

"Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers."

In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. If there had only been two places our Lord would have said, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also.' You can not have much to-night, as this is a strange place. The conditions are otherwise good. [This spirit had promised to describe the fourth sphere to us]. The surroundings are passing away; hence we must speak quickly."

After a few more sentences the voice ceased. Another spirit-voice (quite different in tone) gave me a message from a loved one I had lost, repeating her name and married surname over and over again, until it got the right pronunciation. I have had spirit-messages given to me at periods extending over many years, in all parts of the continent, and under totally different conditions.

After our last seance, on the 16th of this month (March, 1872), on lighting the candles we discovered that five religious and Spiritual books had been taken from different parts of the room and placed noisily on the table. Loud rappings afterward indicated by messages that they were intended for just the five sisters present, to be taken home and read. They were: "The 'I Wills' of the Psalms," "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," "What she did with her Life," "Across the River," which were indicated to be given to me, and a little Prayer Book which had belonged to the daughter, who had been in communion with us, was to be given to the mother.

I had been repeatedly told by spirits that a lady named could help me in a very painful family matter. As she was the last person I thought could or would do so, I paid little attention to these assurances. While at Bath last year, in the month of April, I received a letter from this lady, saying she had sought me everywhere, and wrote at a venture. She did arrange the matter afterward for me, in a manner I could not have foreseen.

A lady friend of mine at Bath, whose niece or protégée had left England some time previously to join her husband who was with his regiment at Singapore, for two or three years, was very anxious at not having had any tidings of her for a long period. She consulted my little medium, to whom I have already alluded, and through her got the following message: "Do not be uneasy; she and her husband are at the Cape, on their way home." The lady pushed away the table at which they were sitting, almost in anger, saying: "Oh, that is all nonsense!" The next morning's post brought a letter from the Cape, saying that the husband and wife were at the Cape unexpectedly on their way home to England, he having got an appointment. I received letters from two of the circle present, written unknown to each other, with exactly similar accounts of this seance, and its sequel.

The spirit-voices have explained to us how the higher spirits are permitted to help the lower—how all is progression.

They state that these manifestations which are considered in this world as a new "ism," are older than our world; that what mortals consider material has no existence—is evanescent; what they consider "spiritual" is the only true and everlasting; that they draw their power of communicating with us from the medium, and some of those surrounding her; that the atmosphere of some is pure and transparent, and of others dense and repulsive; that they depend entirely on the emanations from us for the voice-power. They describe their passing away from this life, at the dissolution of their bodies, as of awakening from sleep and finding all darkness; presently a bright, shining spirit comes, and takes them away to a place bright and glorious. They describe a curtain which is sometimes withdrawn as of woven sunlight. There is no sorrow there, no tears, no jealousy, no idleness, no drones, they say. They are sometimes allowed glimpses of such glory that it is impossible to describe; that their spirit bodies can only be likened to the finest gossamer. They regret their lost wasted time here on earth, and their lost opportunities, and all impress upon us how thankful we ought to be to God for permitting this communion.

A very talented young friend of ours who, with a promising career before him, met with an early death in India, is constantly with us in spirit now, and gaining great power in communicating. His raps are those of an embodied hand at times, and my son and myself are constantly touched by this palpable hand. My power with the indicator has been withdrawn, but I am a developing medium, and have made rapid progress in the development of the young person to whom John King alluded, giving at once the striking characteristics of her mediumship, namely, "S—S—, of Bath." In consequence of her other vocation she is obliged to assume another than her own name as a "medium" from the strong prejudice there exists still in some unreasoning minds against Spiritualism. I have omitted (fearing that I am taking too much space), but in some instances purposely, to mention numerous other spirit messages, spirit monitions, and proofs of their intelligence, and have selected those only to which it will not be easy to take exceptions on the grounds of "unconscious muscular action," "unconscious cerebration" or "collusion." If such had been the case in the instances I have given, it appears to me that it would be even more surprising than the simple explanation of spirit intervention.

I feel that there may be some here who are thinking, although they may not like to express it: Oh, it is all very well for a lady to sit down and give us these wonderful accounts, and then withhold her name. In answer to these, I can only say that I shall be willing and happy to meet them here, in a less crowded room, and answer any questions concerning what I have stated that they may choose to put.

I have in my possession a book full of spiritual messages, containing the highest spiritual teaching. The conditions for getting these seem to be affinity, sympathy and love.

THE BIBLE AND RELIGION CRITICISED.

BY JOHN SPYERS.

BRO. P.—The following thoughts passed through my mind after hearing you preach on Sunday evening. You read for the evening lesson the 14th chapter of Leviticus. Your discourse was on man being "fearfully and wonderfully made." I came home, sat down, and read the whole book of Leviticus. Oh, what a long and disgusting catalogue of heathenish rites is set forth therein!

The fat of animals, along with other parts, was always burnt for a "sweet-smelling savor unto the Lord." This great and mysterious "Lord" of the Jews was always great on a smell. He must have been awful hungry if the smell of such things could have been pleasing unto him. The nasty, sickening stench arising from burning grease and other parts of animals, would make any white man sick at the stomach, and would make any Jew sick at the stomach. It is that things which stink in the nostrils of you and me or any other man, should smell so sweet when they fell upon the olfactory of the Lord! What a great difference

in noses! God may have succeeded in copying his own image very closely in making man, but it must be conceded that in this one thing he made a slight mistake, and that is the nose! I pause for a reply!

How little the Jews lived in the spirit, but oh, how much they lived in the animal! What herds and droves of animals were destroyed every year in sacrifices by this ignorant, puffed-up and superstitious people, who imagined themselves the only true people of God! Their religion was neither Mosesism, Jewishism, nor Christianity, but pure Animalism.

The preachers say that the death of those animals foreshadowed the death of Christ, but it is now well known that they did not refer to his death any more than they did to the death of Abraham Lincoln.

The book of Leviticus contains the rankest heathenism to be found anywhere in the literature of the whole world. For very trifling mistakes and omissions in carrying out the details of many of their heathenish rites, the Jews cut off the lives of thousands of their fellowmen from among the people. To cut off a man from among the people was simply to cut off his head!

The time will soon come when even the bigoted, foolhardy clergy will be ashamed to stand up before the enlightened people and read aloud the Old Testament scriptures. It did not take a very close observation to discern your bluish while reading that portion of scripture of your own choice, the 14th chapter of Leviticus.

The slaying of great, vulgar, roaring bulls, butting rams, and stinking goats, cut a very conspicuous figure in that heathenism which flourished in Judea about the time of Christ.

No wonder the Jews were hated so intensely by the Greeks and Romans, and other enlightened nations around them, for religiously they were the lowest and meanest of mankind. Yet in their blindness they imagined that they were the chosen of the Lord—the peculiar people of God. They had the lowest and poorest idea of who God was, and of what he was, of any other nation on the earth. They never arose above the idea of a big personal God, whom they created in their own image, and they firmly believed that they could please him by killing and burning bulls before him. I should call this a *bully* idea, and a *bully* religion that required it. They say that to this day when a bull sees a Jew he begins to paw and roar, and with tail erect makes at him, seeking for revenge upon general principles.

And, then, of vulgar, woolly, horny, butting rams!—how the Jews slayed them to please their God. Wool was always very high in Judea, owing to the fact that so many rams were slain in that country for God's sake! Their God must have been very *rambunctious* to require the death of so many innocent rams before he could look upon his Jewish children with favor. I think a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals would have come in very good place about that time. It is said that a Jew to this day is always very cautious how he approaches a flock of sheep, knowing that those butting rams have many grudges against them on an old score.

Now, in all this, I do not wish to make fun of pure, natural, spiritual religion; far from it. It is a good thing to have, and I am happy to be in the possession of a liberal share of it myself. I could not live a single day without it.

These Jewish priests were always on the rampage after bulls, goats, rams, red heifers, turtle doves, young pigeons, and even innocent little pure and playful lambs, to offer up and burn in sacrifice unto their God. There was old Abraham,—he became a crazy monomaniac upon the subject of sacrifices, and came within an inch of killing his child—his pure and innocent little blue-eyed, curly-headed Isaac—for God's sake. Do you suppose that God commanded him to do any such thing as that? No: not for a moment. Old Abe was crazy, and that's what's the matter with him. He should have been taken to a lunatic asylum on general principles.

I pause for a reply.

What beautiful specimens of civilization those Jewish ordinances were! Circumcision, for instance,—wasn't it a nice arrangement? God who formed our human organism must have certain parts of it mutilated and cut to pieces before he could look upon them with favor! If there were certain parts of the human body that he wished cut away, why did he not leave that particular part off when he created man? Why could he not make the human tree so perfect that it would need no such trimming?

I pause for a reply.

That scape-goat affair was another nice arrangement beautiful to contemplate (in a horn)! Suppose that you, Brother P., was to have a couple of buck goats brought to the door of your little church in LaSalle, Illinois, and that you, with great solemnity, were to lay your hands upon one of them, and there confess the sins of your congregation (which I presume are numerous) over it, and then send it away into the wilderness, or into the lonely woods up the Vermilion river, and there leave him, alone to starve and die; now, should not we consider that man crazy who would suppose that his sins had been carried away by this said goat? You would soon find a committee appointed to wait upon you, and a train chartered for your especial benefit, to speed you away to the lunatic asylum at Jacksonville.

I pause for a reply.

You say, "Dispensations have changed." That makes no difference. God never changes. If he required it then, he requires it to-day. Silly men have in all ages of the world racked their brains to elaborate ways and means by which to take some short cut on their sins; that is, to enjoy the pleasures of sin, and yet have some door of escape left open by which they could escape the consequences. Hence, the Jews got up the scape-goat arrangement for that purpose. The modern sects have gotten up a system of faith and prayer to that end. To the Campbellite sect, faith, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort. Now, the doctrine of the forgiveness or escape from the consequences of sin has done more injury to the human race than any humbug ever set afloat by the heathenized minds of the dark ages. It is nothing more nor less than setting a premium upon sin.

I pause for a reply.

Hence, the evils of the doctrine of the vicarious atonement. Priestcraft has not been slow in taking every advantage of this weak spot in humanity, and have manufactured for their innumerable receipts, and presented them to man, declaring each one to be a never-failing antidote to sin. What untold millions of dollars have been paid to those quack Doctors of Divinity for their various humbug plans of salvation, and lying receipts for the forgiveness of sin. Now, we believe in the existence of sin; but progression is eternal, and they will all be outgrown. But theological sins are dangerous. Sin is the violation of natural law, and from its penalties there is no escape. *No forgiveness of sin* is the motto of the new religion. If we sin we must suffer, therefore we try to keep our eyes wide open and go slow, sure and safe. To live a pure, natural life will alone save us from the suffer-

ing consequent upon the commission of physiological sins.

We do not deny the atonement for sin; we believe in the atonement for sins; but the question is: who shall atone for them? We answer that they must be atoned for by the person who commits them, and not by another. It follows, then, that vicarious atonement, or theological atonement, is a monstrous lie, a cheat and a fraud forced upon an unsuspecting and credulous world! Man alone can atone for his sins by a severity of pain and suffering which he will never forget. We outgrow our sins and their consequences by a gradual development out of them, either here or hereafter.

I pause for a reply.

Another monstrous proposition of yours was, that man is a total wreck, laying in moral ruins. This false doctrine has done our race more evil than all the wars that ever cursed the world. Man, if he is free from hereditary taint or disease is naturally pure and holy. His fall has been a gradual fall upwards, from an animal unto what we now behold him—the crown and glory of creation!

The fall of our reputed first parents in the Garden of Eden is a theological fable. Gardens and horticultural science did not exist until many hundred years after that time. The Garden of Eden is ahead of us, and not behind us by any means, and if our race meets with no bad luck we will attain to it by and by. But if we run backwards in the history of our race, we will find man becomes mentally darker and darker, and physically lower and lower, until he merges into the animals which now stand next to him. What is man but a highly-developed animal? If you had given your mental faculties and reasoning powers anything like half a chance, they would have long ago lifted you out of the theological mud in which I see you are still wading. But the most powerful argument with ministers is: "I can do nothing but preach; a living I must have. Bread and butter for a family must be had; therefore I will preach on, and avoid the disturbance consequent upon the introduction of new doctrines or a change of views."

Our race would have stood upon the plane of the angels long ago, if it had not been for those monstrous doctrines of theology, which has ever held it back in civilization and progress.

I pause for a reply.

LaSalle, Ill.

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Our mail list is now in type, correctly as we suppose, with exception of *new subscriptions or renewals* that have come to hand within the last two weeks.

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LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

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DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

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F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

A Thrilling Incident—Mary Carlyle—Her Ruin—The Midnight Prayer—She Predicts Her Own Death—"It is Growing Brighter"—Did all Originate from the First Cause?

(NUMBER XC.)

In glancing at existence on this earth, the mind is often appalled at witnessing the different currents of life. What a contrast in many respects they present. One glistens with rare jewels, precious stones, valuable gems, palatial residences, downy couches, silken settees, and all the comforts and luxuries of life; but others are not of the same character.

How diversified those moving, throbbing currents! You may be on one where only the choicest blessings of heaven can be found, and where happiness reigns supreme! But all are not there! Strange scenes rise up before us! The mind illuminated, and the vision rendered clear, we glance at the world around us. It is night now,—nearly 12 o'clock, and the light of the pale moon and stars fall upon the sheet of paper on which we are writing. There appears to be no limit to our vision, and our mind like a mirror, seems to reflect all the scenes of creation.

The night—beautiful overhead—grand scenery there, wonderful machinery of creation moving in perfect order! But strange sounds fall upon our ear, and heart-rending scenes pass before our vision. The whole universe seems illuminated by some secret luminary, and we survey the human family during the still hours of night. In yonder mansion all is quiet! On downy beds, hushed in sleep, we see the old and young! No cares disturbed their rest—no fevered brain dreamed of wild tumultuous scenes. But hark! We hear a prayer! We cease writing, and listen. In mournful accents it comes on the breeze, as tremulous, as sweet as the expiring notes of an angel's harp.

There is a solemn grandeur in prayer, when it rises from the heart as naturally as the aroma from the flower. Angels listen to such invocations, and the breezes delight to bear them off to die on their bosom in sweet, plaintive, sighing melodies. We always like to hear such prayers, for they find a response in our soul, and they only are allowed to find echo in the corridors of heaven. It is the hypocritical, pharisaical prayer that we hate! Self-interest prompts the old miser to pray, and while his words are echoed back into his own soul in solemn mockery, his mind constantly thinks of the jingling dollar. But the prayer we hear is not prompted by self-interest, for it comes moistened with the tear of holy love! It startles us, for we, standing on the confines of earth, do not often have our soul awakened to the realities of heaven. The night lends its beauties,—the very stars their splendor, to render the scene more grand, as the prayer passes us, vanishing in such sweet accents on the surging breeze. The mind illuminated, the vision rendered clear, the sense of hearing quickened, we sit appalled at the scenes around us. But that incident, whence its origin? Ah! off in the distance, beneath the wild trees and clambering vines is a maiden kneeling in prayer, and over her head we see in golden letters the name, "Mary Carlyle." In one of nature's rustic temples, on a moss-covered bank, she was bowing in holy reverence. How tremulous her voice! How sad that soul of hers, and the tears moisten her cheek, and her features seem to be wreathed with a sorrow that can only emanate from blasted hopes! What a prayer—so full of the spirit of love, and animated by such high and holy resolves. But why the invocation? In a little basket by her side, sweetly sleeping, was her child. It was an illegitimate child, born "outside of wedlock," and with its mother, deserted by James Stuart, left disgraced in the eyes of the world, and she now contemplating suicide! The picture was a sad one. She had *erred*, stepped from one of the radiating currents of life to another—fallen. Cruel world, how full of stings!

The deserted one on bended knees, with eyes moistened with tears, takes from the basket the "fruit of crime," caresses it, impresses on its cheek, its lips, kisses that only a mother can give! Rendered almost insensible by the opiates she had given it, the child made no noise. Driven from home, deserted, disgraced in the eyes of the world, the fountains of her soul seemed broken up, and she prayed—prayed for her child, for the illuminating presence of the angel world to tell her what to do.

We have seen loved ones stand around the dying couch, heard their sorrow manifested in wails of anguish, but this scene surpassed everything we had ever before witnessed. "Alone with the night," yet not alone! Angels witnessed her, and were around her the strength of their magnetism! Saved! The stream rippling past had lost the intended victims, and seemed to dash along over pebble and sand with greater energy, and the very stars of heaven to shine with renewed lustre. Taking the child in her arms, she carries it to the asylum for foundlings, and as she leaves it, she impresses upon it the last kiss of a mother,—the last kiss, the last look, the last fond embrace of her own child! Think you, mother, with a child in your arms, your own child, born in wedlock, and with the sanction of society, can you measure the sorrow of Mary Carlyle's soul, as she left her child, which was as dear to her as yours to you?

You in wedlock do what society sanctions, yet you spurn that one who, in an unguarded moment, does *outside* of it what you do in. Oh, my eye penetrates secret places, and my ear hears strange sounds! An unseen visitant, we move around among the living, and at times see their secret thoughts, and behold the acts of life over which society would throw a veil.

Mary Carlyle, we will follow you; trace the life so inauspiciously commenced, and witness the result thereof. Leaving her child at the asylum for foundlings, she retraced her steps to her little room. She sought her bed, but not to sleep. Her mind wandered, her brain became feverish, and the result was temporary insanity! She cried for her child, her angel babe, the little one she had so ruthlessly cast away! A physician was summoned, opiates administered, and she fell into a quiet sleep. Sleeping, calmly sleeping, she looked angelic! With features exquisitely moulded, tinged with a wild, strange sadness, she seemed the picture of innocence. At times she lisped some loving word to her deserted child, and her heart throbs plainly told the anguish within! The morrow came, and though weak, she was rational! The sadness that seemed to tinge her features the day before had vanished, and in the place thereof stood a firm resolve, that foreshadowed no good. Now despaired, deserted by former friends, she resolved by one fatal plunge to seek another current in life, and become a "woman of the town." Strange resolve! High Heaven, where were your ministering angels? Earth, where your philanthropists? Universe, where your God! No strong hand to save her! No encouraging word to excite within her new hope! You, who "have children in wedlock," and, perhaps, never sinned, mould the feelings of society, and wrote "disgrace" on Mary Carlyle, and down she went! Living in the city of St. Louis, she rented an up-town room, and became one of the most respectable of the "women of the town." She ornamented her room with rare pictures, works of art wrought by her own hand, and there led what is called a dissolute, immoral life. Time passed on, and gradually a cloud overshadowed her fine feelings—she grew reckless, wild, daring, devilish. The good qualities of her nature seemed to have been buried beneath the vile trash that always accumulate around the low and vile. She drank to excess, became a confirmed inebriate, and moved only in one of the most slimy currents of life, and finally this Mary Carlyle, once so lovely, so angelic, so exceedingly refined and beautiful, was taken sick with the delirium tremens. What frightful visions! What appalling scenes! The very room seemed full of noisy demons, and her cries of despair, of wild anguish, and appeals for assistance were heart-rending. "Drive them away! Keep them off, Mother, do not let them touch me! I sinned, I know."

Her brother was by her side. He knew her when a bright, pure, innocent girl, and even in her sin he loved her. Throwing her arms around his neck, and mingling her tears with his, she whispered, "It is growing brighter now." She then seemed more calm, but soon became very weak. Her large blue eyes were riveted upon the ceiling, and her features seemed to be illuminated with a halo of light. Taking the hand of her brother, she whispered encouraging words, saying: "Tomorrow morning, at 5 o'clock, I shall be with mother and my own darling child, who is with her. I leave you, brother, but in your journey through life, *blame* not the unfortunate. Rather throw over them the veil of charity, and overlook their frailties. Though I have suffered the pangs of a thousand deaths, I desire you to tell James Stuart that Mary Carlyle does not hate him. When in a pleasant, happy home he sought me, I confided in him. I unwisely loved him too well. I did not see beneath his genial smiles the dark shade of villainy, or think there was a serpent in his arms when he caressed me. He ruined me. Driven out of society—banished as it were—I have led this dissolute life. Brother, the innocence of my childhood days seems to have returned, and my mother from the angel world comes and kisses me. But bear this message to James Stuart, that 'Mary Carlyle, whom he ruined, on her death-bed forgave him.' That will be my revenge!"

She then fell into a gentle slumber. She who had given birth to a child outside of wedlock, calmly sleeping, while angels were

watching over her! A tremor on her lips at times indicated she was dreaming of scenes on the evergreen shores, where friends awaited her. The night passed slowly away, and all eyes were on the clock, as the hour-hand indicated a quarter to 5 o'clock. She was then breathing calmly, and her eyes were opened, presenting a calm, dreamy appearance. Slowly the hour-hand moves, and just before it commenced striking, Mary Carlyle whispered, "It is growing brighter," and then came the death-knell from the clock—she was dying.

This is no idle sketch. Our soul, illuminated with a light divine, scans the universe, follows the mortals of earth at times, watching their secret acts.

The Missouri Republican, of a late date, contained the following:

A STRANGE INCIDENT.—Mary Carlyle, a disreputable character, died at her room on 4th street last evening. It was the usual story. When young she had been seduced, and then deserted. Friends forsok her, and she was driven to this deplorable life. She was young, very pretty and accomplished. When first taken sick she saved money, had all the symptoms of delirium tremens. Those paroxysms passed off, leaving her mind tranquil and hopeful. In the evening her soul seemed to catch a glimpse of the other land, for she said, "It is growing brighter." She also predicted her own death, saying, "Tomorrow morning at five o'clock I shall be with my mother and my own darling child." She died as calmly as any Christian.

You who have never sinned, should throw over her the veil of charity. You in wedlock, in giving birth to a child, are honored by society, but Mary Carlyle was disgraced. Consider!—Whence your origin? God? Through countless generations you catch a glimpse of him! Did not Mary Carlyle also originate from the same source? As you are a culmination of all preceding generations (including, of course, the First Cause—God), was not Mary Carlyle, also? If you, in your course of life, have been actuated by only God-like impulses, would you dare say that the impulses of Mary Carlyle that induced her to sin, were not God-like, also? If not, will you tell whence those impulses originated? If not from this God, then there must have been a second creative power, which would be absurd. Admitting the existence of a First Cause, or God, must not all animated existence proceed from him, including the aspirations of each one? If the aspirations to do this proceed from him, did not the aspirations to do that, also emanate from him? If not from him, then we care not if all the world denies it, there must be a second Source, from which a part of the aspirations of human nature sprang.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Extremes Right Themselves.

It is scarcely necessary again to allude to the fact that *extremes right themselves*, yet at the conclusion of our last week's article in this series, we intimated that we might have more to say upon the subject of a compensation for so great a calamity as that of the so-called "New Departure" in Spiritualism.

Many Spiritualists have felt that the "New Departure" inaugurated at the gathering at Troy, known as the meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists, was a calamity greatly to be deplored. In one sense it was such, but upon the principle that *extremes right themselves*, it is no more to be deplored than a terrific storm which overcasts the sky, and leaves the people shrouded in darkness. The men and women of thought and experience know well that there is a bright sky and refugent sunshine just beyond the dark clouds that enshroud them, and that in a few hours, at most, the storm will have spent its fury, the elements will have become purified, vegetation will have received a new impetus in its unfolding, and mankind will have received a lesson that will develop their understanding so that a higher degree of wisdom will thereby be attained.

The world, that is, the great mass of people, actually believe that Spiritualism teaches, and that professed believers in Spiritualism practice gross licentiousness. Such an opinion obtains generally, from the fact that opposers take especial pains to promulgate such representations as a potent means for arousing prejudice against those who investigate. Ridicule is far more potent with superficial investigators or thinkers than sound argument. Old Theology is noted for her unscrupulousness, as regards means that she makes use of to prevent innovations. Her cry of immorality has resounded throughout the land in all ages, against all who departed from the popular faith.

Without going into details (which is not the object in these articles, our intention being to arouse thought rather than to inculcate in detail, which would make this series too elaborate), we will simply glance at a few facts.

Henry VIII. is portrayed in Catholic history as a debauchee of the vilest character, who resorted to the most detestable crimes to gratify his passions. Tom Cranmer, his Bishop and right-hand man in all emergencies, was his peer as a free-lover, and yet sworn to celibacy. In them the Episcopal Church had its origin.

Our Methodist brethren were charged by all other so-called Evangelical churches forty years ago, with being the most licentious people living. They charged them with going to camp and other meetings for no other purpose than that of gratifying their passions. The evidence of the truth of the charges against both of these sects was so apparent that scarcely any one attempted to refute it. We neither affirm nor deny the facts charged against the Episcopalians and Methodists. It is not the object of this article to do so. We simply call the attention of our readers to the fact that however much the religionists of the present day attempt to besmear Spiritualists, they can not thereby clear up their own records; indeed, the more they say upon the subject the more the world will be led to turn back to the pages of their own early history, and point the index finger to remarkable passages that will tell fearfully upon both divines and laymen in their

own ranks—to say nothing of the weaker sisters.

But to our argument. How are Spiritualists to be compensated for so great a calamity as that of so large a number of good, honest people of both sexes, and of easy virtue, floating away from the bonds of old theological dogmas into the faith of Spirit Communism, and setting up a "New Departure" dogma in Spiritualism, which virtually defends licentiousness, and proposes to carry it into a Church and State organization?

Let us meet this question right upon the threshold—look at it right square in the face. If it be Spiritualism, let us have no fear to proclaim it to the world—to teach it to our children; aye, more, let it enter into our school-books as an axiom of truth to be taught everywhere as a virtue which is to redeem the world from ignorance. Our doctrine is, that knowledge is to reclaim the people of earth from th suffering caused by ignorance.

The surf that breaks over the rocky beach of old ocean makes a terrific noise when the wind blows a gale; but what is it compared in power, to the irresistible gulf-stream that quietly moves deep down in the sea? In the one case the water is surged into foam and spray, and makes a tumultuous noise; in the other, all is still, but irresistible in force.

Let us for a moment look at the few gathered at Troy, at the time the "New Departure" was inaugurated, with the few more scattered over the land—sympathizers in the movement. Contrast these with the mighty host of receivers of the truth of Spirit Communism—of believers in the Philosophy of Life—Spiritualists who do not fellowship the "New Departure" movement. These last are a mighty host, who see that, as a philosophy, the *young child* is to revolutionize the world; that a new era is being ushered in, in which knowledge is to be developed throughout the world, and is to supplant all religious intolerance, bigotry, and ignorance; that the Philosophy of Life is being promulgated from the spiritual spheres, which is to baptize anew every soul that shall be born into the world; aye, more, it is seen that love supernal will take the place of passion infernal, and that the union of two loving souls for eternity on earth is a legitimate law of life, as it is in spiritual spheres. Indeed, as we have hinted in a former article, the doctrine that we have a right to love whom we please, as long as we please, and to change that love when and as often as we please, is but an expression of a sentiment legitimate to the posterior basilar region of the brain, uncontrolled by the higher faculties of the enlightened man. It flows from that portion of man's brain which is on a par with the lower order of animal life, which sets at defiance *all true love*, and lives in the passionial sphere. Upon that plane that *kind of love* is manifested as a right by the more powerful of a species; to wit, a right to love whom it will, because it has the power to enforce that right; to love as long as it wills to, because it knows no physical or moral restraint; and it has a right to change that love as often as it pleases. For illustration, go no farther than the domestic animals, and that kind of love and the principle involved will be hourly demonstrated, and the contestants for such love and such rights will be numerous.

The difference between the love manifested on that plane and that of two of the opposite sex, upon that plane of life to which all good men and women aspire is obvious. The former is passionial, and legitimate only to the propagation of the species on that plane of life wherein the crowning elements of wisdom are unknown. The latter is legitimate upon that plane where two souls, adapted to each other, interblend in the highest faculties of their natures, and realize the rights of others, in the great truth that they are but links in an endless chain.

" * * * * * Whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Love with them has ascended so far above the passionial plane that the right to love whom, to love as long, and to change that love as often as one pleases is looked upon as applicable to the lower orders of animal life only.

The Philosophy of Life teaches the doctrine of eternal progression. The Harmonial Philosophy teaches that the law of development obtains upon every plane of life and throughout every sphere of existence, be it human, brute, or inorganic matter; and yet every sphere of existence remains intact. The human is, and ever will be, human; the brute will ever be brute; and inorganic matter will ever exist.

The human kingdom or sphere, in infancy and early life manifests the traits common to the lower orders of animal life. The posterior region of the brain is just developed, to sustain those functions of its life which are common to the animal creation. But it is capable of eternal development in its superior faculties, which distinguish it from those below. The development of the child's higher faculties depends much upon the surrounding conditions. The child of enlightened parents, whose lot from infancy is cast among savages, will be a savage so far as its notions of right and wrong are concerned. Hence, it is obvious that right thoughts, right surroundings and conditions, should be presented to such minds for their culture and development. If the example of the lower animals is impressed upon them, then their moral ethics will correspond with the doctrines of the "New Departure" in Spiritualism. The child, with proper moral culture, will grow into the youth, the youth develop into the plane of true manhood or womanhood, with discriminating powers to seek for a companion with temperament, taste and habits fitting them for a loving life-companionship. They will recognize the great truth that they have *no right* to do that which infringes upon the rights of others, be those rights of a physical or spiritual nature.

But the question is, how is that great calamity the "New Departure" doctrine to result in

a compensation?

Simply in this: It incites thought; it results in awaking the receivers of the truth of Spirit Communism—inciting them to arouse themselves and meet the base charge that has been falsely laid at their doors, of being more gross and licentious in their habits than their neighbors of the various religious orders of the age. We repel the charge, and claim that the Philosophy of Life teaches the beauties of a higher life more fully and positively than any religious system that the mind of man has ever conceived of. But more of this anon.

"Dolly Varden Festival."

The Ladies of the Baptist Church will hold a Dolly Varden festival at the Baptist Hall, Allen Block, Friday evening, May 24th, 1872. Refreshments will be served—ice cream, cake, etc. The ladies are requested to wear Dolly Vardens. A handsome cake will be voted to the prettiest Dolly Varden. Come and enjoy a pleasant evening. No charge for admittance.—Mason City (Iowa) Republican.

Why not have a Dolly Varden Religion? We think it would be well for the various Orthodox churches to have over the door of their respective sanctuaries, "Dolly Varden Religion Preached Here." This significant sign would prove attractive to the gossiping portion of the community, and would lead to rich results. It was a question to us when we first saw the phrase in the above advertisement what it meant, and a waggy fellow interpreted it to us as being applied to an exquisitely "nice shirt." We rested under that hallucination for three days, wondering why that church in Mason City should apply such a curious name to an under garment; and then, when we saw the advertisement that ladies were requested to "wear Dolly Vardens," and that a prize was offered, for what we supposed to be the stoutest and most handsome shirt, we wondered why such an eccentric movement should be inaugurated. But when we reflected that pretty, Orthodox ladies allowed themselves to be kissed for the small sum of ten cents, and that lotteries, grab bags, side shows, etc., were all brought in requisition to obtain money for the Lord, we thought that to vary the amusement, "Dolly Varden" did mean an "exquisitely nice shirt," and that all the pious ladies of Mason City vied with each other as to who could wear the "prettiest one," and it was not until the above was put in print, that we learned that a Dolly Varden was worn on the head, and not under the arms. But what is the difference? In principle, the gambling would have been the same! We expect ere long to see some of the churches offering a reward for the nicest lady's foot, the sweetest voice, the most queenly bearing, or the finest moulded arm. Anything to raise money for God is considered lawful! This Dolly Varden festival inaugurates a new era in churches. It is bringing religion down to its proper level, and making a practical concern of it,—a sort of gambling institution. We know of one young man who had never had a kiss in his life, knew nothing of its nature, its heaven-exalting qualities, its magnetic thrills, until he attended an Orthodox festival, where one young Sister of the Church offered her sweet cheeks as a sacrifice to the Lord, at ten cents a kiss. This young man invested ten dollars that evening in kisses, and he liked them exceedingly well. His first kiss was imprinted on her forehead, but strange to say, *true to nature*, the tenth kiss he "lighted on her lips," and there he persistently remained until he had imprinted the remaining ninety! This fellow has become a monomaniac on religion, and can only be kept from backsliding by a periodic return of the kissing festival. When religion will resort to pernicious amusements, such as are embraced in the grab bags, lotteries, gift sales, kisses, Dolly Vardens, etc., it is a bad indication—a sign of decay. It is true, lotteries are suppressed, gambling is a curse, and side shows disreputable, but when instituted in the cause of religion, to some they become virtues.

The churches are now enabled to perpetrate pious frauds, religious swindling, moral gambling, and righteous lies, and avoid harm; indeed, the Chicago Tribune, of May 29th, says, "Man is a cooking animal—especially the Methodist Book Concern. The report of the Investigating Committee on the bindery shows that the book-keeper made a mistake of \$20,000 in footing up a column, but balanced it by carrying down \$16,000 from somewhere else, and putting in \$4,000 from nowhere at all. Such ingenuity would be but illy rewarded by an appointment to the accountant's office in the Navy Department."

Religion enables a man to do all of that, if done in a Christian spirit. If the book-keeper had obtained the \$4,000 from Somewhere instead of Nowhere, the result would have been received the same. Indeed, religion is a moral whitewash, used to cover up the black walls of pious scoundrels. Sometimes, however, it fails to accomplish the result desired. The following appears in the (Bellevue, Me.) Progressive Age:

"Indictments have been found at the present term of court against Elder Geo. D. Garland, of Monroe, for the crime of 'Sodom,' a crime which takes its name from ancient Sodom, and his trial has been assigned for next Monday. The trial will no doubt attract a crowd of men and boys who enjoy the rehearsal of obscene and dirty practices. Such cases are not fit to try, and more harm is likely to result from the punishment of the offender. The law punishing the crime is old, very old, dating back to an ignorant age, and considering how seldom such a crime is committed, it is questionable whether it would not be better to have it repealed, and leave the offender to the shame and derision of the community. The defendant, as we understand, is not an ordained clergyman, but only a preacher or exhorter."

The communication from Duff MacDuff is especially interesting.

(Continued from first page.)

the latter to stand on, but it affords a good excuse when individuals do remarkably foolish things, to say they are psychologized. Well, Uncle Jabez was psychologized, whatever that may be. The fascination of Tilt, or Cicero, overpowered him. He became a lump of clay in their hands. Good man and life-long Christian that he was, he gave no resistance. He had lived a sort of vegetative life and had never been tested. Everything seemed to conspire for his ruin; even the spirits of those who for two thousand years had cast aside earth's follies, stretched out their arms of air to bind him strong and fast. Mrs. Victoria Tilt was blooming with these inspirations, and urgent in her appeals. Jabez had allowed his principles to be undermined and washed away at the beginning. He now only had his inclinations to guide him. They ran parallel with the course Cicero and Tilt both declared the correct one. She was fanatical, but her spotless life and matchless purity forbade a shadow of a thought to her disadvantage.

"Let us go," she said still in the voice of Cicero; "let us go far away from those who would tyrannically interfere with us."

"Go?" asked Uncle Jabez, startled by this sudden proposition, "you do not propose to enter into this engagement at once?"

"Certainly, why should we not? Have we not been arbitrarily separated these many years, and now should we delay? Let us fling the gauntlet at society, and show our contempt for marriage laws by trampling them under foot."

"It seems to me," faltered Jabez, "this is a rash proceeding. We had better wait until I can adjust affairs, and—"

"Not an hour's delay!" spoke the innocent; "let us away, and not only show the world our contempt for the old, but the beauty of our soul-union, which, unlike legal marriage, shall stand on its own merits."

Had the Grand Central Railroad route via Bilesville entered into the conspiracy with Tilt and Cicero? At least, it acted in concert. The hack for the 12 o'clock New York Lightning Express rumbled to the door, and the coachman cried with stentorian voice. Down came the porter with Mrs. Victoria Tilt's colossal trunk, ribbed, banded, strapped, and plastered with hotel and express cards. There was not a moment to lose. That innocent lady with passionate earnestness grasped his arm, and like a pleading angel besought him to go at once—to rush from tyranny to freedom; from slavery to happiness. He shook his head with mournful indecision. She suddenly changed her tactics as the porter gave his last shout.

"I will not leave you," she cried; "we are betrothed by the powers of the air; the great Cicero gives me unearthly strength! Resist? I shall bear you away! Love knows no restraint. It laughs at law and order. If you refuse this cup of happiness, still you shall drink it."

All this time they were nearing the door; they moved down the hall to the entrance; they went out and took seats in the hack,—Uncle still shaking his head, and determined not to yield, but still yielding, at last to be swept away by the remorseless New York Lightning Express. Poor man! he was not responsible, for he was psychologized; fascinated by Tilt and Cicero.

The next morning I was startled by the announcement in the Bilesville Herald of the elopement of Uncle Jabez and Mrs. Victoria Tilt. How the reporter learned the news I never fathomed. I suppose it was his business to know. The demands made upon his class sharpen their wits, till they acquire a sixth or news sense. This reporter I know had the faculty in an eminent degree, for he was able to write up the doings of Europe independent and in advance of the cable. He did not rest satisfied with the announcement. He took especial pains to paint its features in most aggravating terms. The deserted wife was an angel; Mrs. Victoria Tilt a feminine demon; and Uncle Jabez a black-hearted villain. The very type in which his article was set seemed to have broader faces and take a blacker ink. Aunt would not read the morning paper before noon, and to leave her a prey to some old crouching gossip who would drop in to tantalize her would be inhuman. It was clearly my duty to break the news to her. I immediately drove out to the old farm-house, and found her busy with her morning occupation. She at once asked if I knew why Uncle had remained in the village. "He went away last evening, and has not yet returned. He never did so in his life before. Have you bad news? Is he dead?"

"No, Aunt," I replied, with as cheerful a voice as I could command, "he is not dead, and is well, for aught I know."

"What on earth then is the matter?"

"Uncle, you know, was extremely pleased with Mrs. Tilt."

"Yes, I do," replied she vehemently; what of her?"

"He went to the hotel to visit her last evening. Aunt here settled back in her chair, having no words to express her sense of injury; and the consequences have been such that I blame myself immeasurably for having invited him to attend that lecture."

"Go on, Neffy, go on, I can bear it."

The final sentence stuck in my throat, but I spoke it:

"Uncle and Mrs. Tilt went away on the 12 o'clock express, and have undoubtedly eloped."

"And is that all?" she asked in a tone of relief.

"All! Is it not enough?"

"Yes, enough, but you know, Neffy, your aunt is not made of stuff easily crushed. I know my duty, and if Jabez does not know his, it is not my fault. Sorry he is gone? No, but I am sorry he did not go forty years ago. If he has not done wrong it has not been because it was not in him, but for want of opportunity. I can live alone, for after this taste of human nature I do not want any more."

"Then you do not desire to take measures to bring them back?"

She replied with withering scorn: "How can you ask such a question? You know little of a woman's heart if you think I could possibly desire his return after such unworthiness."

I was surprised at her reception of the news, as I feared it would overwhelm her. Her life had been ordered by principle; her convictions were strong; her sense of duty unflinching; she was a philosopher. With such poor consolation as one can give to those who suffer from a great sorrow, and profers of assistance, should she need, I departed.

Nearly six months passed and we heard nothing from Jabez. Mrs. Victoria Tilt was announced to lecture here and there, and the newspapers having taken up her social views, she became notorious. Uncle, of course, was with her, obscured by the brilliancy of her light. One evening, on answering the summons of the bell, who should I find but Uncle. He had, in appearance, grown ten years older, and the frankness of expression by which he was characterized, had yielded to a restless timidity.

"Uncle Jabez!" I exclaimed, seizing his hand, "returned at last! Come in out of the raw wind. I never was more delighted to see any one than you."

He was surprised at this cordial reception, and soon became restored to his old manner.

After supper we found ourselves alone, and I, well knowing he would thank me for my inquiry, asked him of Mrs. Tilt.

"She deserted me," he replied, with a shade of bitterness. "All that nonsense was for my money, and when that was gone she was attracted to another. Considering that she has two husbands living, this was not strange. I left alone, awoke from my infatuation, and have returned to the old home to view it once more before I retire from the world."

"You are not to enter a monastery, Uncle?" I said, laughing. "Aunt will be delighted to see you. This little affair can be adjusted, and many long and happy years will be yours."

"No, no, Neffy; you do not know Abby or you would not talk in that way. She will never overlook this error, or I should say, crime. I shall visit her once, and that will be the end."

Uncle Jabez did not desire to meet his old friends and acquaintances, so we postponed our contemplated visit until the next evening. We walked up the path in silence. Looking through the parted curtains as we stepped on to the porch, we saw Joshua reading to his mother. It was a quiet, beautiful scene of homely happiness. Uncle Jabez bade me ring, and Joshua came to meet us. His eyes at once rested on his father, whom he clasped in his arms. Aunt, recognizing his voice, arose with quiet dignity and gave him her hand, and passed the compliments of the evening with friendly civility.

"Be seated, Jabez," she said kindly; "I am glad to see you well, and hope your time for the past six months has been profitably spent." Jabez could not say it had been, and remained silent. The ice was thickening, and I sought to break it:

"Uncle desired to visit you and say farewell, but I have entertained hopes, Aunt Abby, of a reconciliation. I know your Christian spirit, and believe you will forgive the wanderer, and restore the old order."

Aunt remained silent for a long time. The suspense was painful, even to me, and Uncle must have felt severest tortures, for the beaded sweat gathered on his brow, and I could hear his breath. At length Aunt Abby spoke:

"I knew, Jabez, you would return some time, and I have thought this subject all over. You can give no guarantee that you will not do this same thing over again. I have come to a decision. Joshua and I have managed well for six months; we can for the time to come."

"I knew what your decision would be, Abby," replied Jabez, "and I did not come expecting it would be otherwise. I desired, however, to convey to you all the property our joint labor has accumulated, and to tell you that you can gain a divorce at your demand."

I could see that Aunt was deeply affected, but her resolution rallied.

"I do not want all the property; I only want my half. Nor do I want a divorce. I am the vowed wife of Jabez Upham, and the mother of his children, and to that vow shall remain true till death. My Jabez has ignored his duties; I shall not mine. You can do as you please; go where you please: all I ask is the homestead."

Seeing a tear glisten in her eye, I said, "Aunt Abby, is your resolution so strong that this difference cannot be bridged and the old order restored? Would it not be better for you both?"

"Better to a superficial view; but the abyss is too profound to be bridged; that which is dead cannot be restored. I do not look on forgiveness in this case as a virtue. Love is a plant which allows not of transplanting, even by the most skillful hand: how, then, endure being torn up by the roots, and left to chill in the bleak winds? The soil in which it strikes its roots is confidence, and that gone it is all over."

For an half hour business matters were discussed, and then, arising to depart, something of Aunt Abby's old guardian care returned, and she suddenly asked:

"And now, Jabez, what do you intend doing?"

To which Jabez replied in the old tone of confidence:

"I have lost all taste for the world, and am resolved to join the 'Shakers.'"

Aunt did not manifest her surprise, simply saying:

"It is the best you can do, Jabez. I pray for your happiness."

She bid us good-night, and closed the door. As the pendulum when drawn to one extreme, swings equally far to the other, so the human mind seeks to restore its lost equilibrium. Socialism as advocated by Mrs. Victoria Tilt finds in Shakerism not only its antithesis, but a refuge for the hearts it ruins, who naturally swing from absolute license to absolute restraint.

An Infernal Book.

An English clergyman, named Furniss, has written a book for children; and we indulge in a mild criticism of the book when we say that every copy of it that can be found should be burned; for every copy that remains unburned the Reverend author should receive a separate, well-defined and vigorous kicking. The execrable thing abounds in such passages as the following. Drawing a picture of a boy in hell, he says:

"But listen! There is a sound like a kettle boiling. Hear what it is! The blood is boiling in the scalded veins of that body. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones. Hear how he screams. He beats his head against the roof of the oven. He stamps his feet against the floor of the oven."

And again:

"Come into this room. But see! in the midst of it there is a girl, perhaps about eighteen years old. Her dress is made of fire. On her head a bonnet of fire. It burns into the skin; it scorches the bones of her skull and makes it smoke. The red-hot fiery heat goes into the brain and melts it. If she were on earth she would be burned to a cinder in a moment; but she is in hell, where fire burns everything, but burns nothing away. There she will stand forever, burning and scorched."

Parents should guard their children from the horrors of such a book, as they would from a deadly poison. Better by far place in their hands the filthy works of "Paul de Cock" or "Greenhorn."

REMARKS.—The above extracts from the Rev. Furniss's Christian book and the comments of an editor, and many similar comments, are going the rounds of the press generally. The religious papers keep mum.

Query: Why is it so? The secular press generally sustain Orthodoxy in all its phases, and the Bible as the word of God. Does not the Bible teach that the sheep shall be separated from the goats? and does it not further teach that the Judge of all the earth shall do right, and that he will in that terrible judgment against the goats (sinners) say, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?"

If Christianity is true.—if the Bible is true,

—why kick and cuff the Rev. Furniss for warning children by sacred teachings, to guard against becoming "goats?" Why burn his books?

Oh, fie! Mr. Editor, the day of burning books, as well as heretics, even if it is a Christian virtue, is past. Don't think, however, that we take any stock in Mr. Furniss's book, nor in any analogous teachings. Bitt we were taught many years ago that "consistency is a jewel."

Items of Interest.

—Mrs. Wilcoxson, after a successful lecturing tour in the West, has returned to Chicago.

—From Prairie Hill, Iowa, a subscription, but fails to give his name. Let us hear from you, brother.

—James Sholl, of Philadelphia, is an inspirational speaker and healing medium and solicits engagements in the country.

—Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has been engaged to speak at Springfield, Ohio, for the next three months—pretty good evidence that they appreciate her there.

—Dr. Frederick R. Marvin lectured last week at Newark on Immortality. The lecture was the last of the course before the Social Science Club.

—A. W. Williams, of DePere, Wisconsin, a town of four thousand inhabitants, five miles south of Green Bay, keeps the California House, and wants a first class lecturer to make his way to that place. His doors and soul are open for a free entertainment.

—Our traveling correspondent, John Brown Smith, lectured at Odd Fellows Hall, West Chester, Penn., May 27th, 29th, and 31st; in same place on June 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th and 9th; also at the Delaware County Institute of Science, at Media, Penn., May 28th, 30th, and June 1st, 4th, 6th, 8th and 10th.

—We call attention to a new work in pamphlet form, a collection of articles in prose and poetry, by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, which is now in press. "The Vestal" will prove one of the most entertaining works of its size ever printed. We will be ready to supply orders in a couple of weeks, at the farthest. "The Midnight Prayer," which has been such a favorite, a former edition being exhausted, will be incorporated in "The Vestal."

Old and New. The July number of this magazine, issued June 15th, will repeat the highly successful experiment of last year, and will be an educational number. It will contain a graphic account of life at the famous R. and Hill School, established and conducted by George Bancroft and Dr. Cogswell; a comprehensive view of the whole range of instruction now given at Harvard University; other papers upon topics of educational importance, and a college directory, giving the name, locality, course of study, faculty, and number of students of 175 or more of the principal collegiate institutions of the United States, being an extremely convenient reference list. Mailed, post paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by the publishers, Messrs Roberts Bros., Boston.

City Entertainments.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The second appearance of Aimee and her troupe for the present season was more auspicious than the first. The music had arrived, and with it the leader of the orchestra, whose presence was felt in the smoothness with which the piece went off from first to last, presenting a grateful contrast to the orchestral performance of Monday. "Les Brigands" had proved the most popular opera in the repertoire during the first visit of the company.

THE GLOBE THEATER.

The Wyndhams are receiving a fair share of what patronage is being distributed among the theaters, and they get up no more than the superior character of the entertainment merits. This evening, June 5th, "Ours" and "Mephisto's Mission" will be given, and the same bill will be repeated to-morrow evening. For Friday evening and at the matinee on Saturday "Home" and "The Dubutante" are announced. On Saturday evening the new play "Rock Ahead," which has been in preparation for some time, will be produced.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS.

One really gets the worth of his money by visiting the great menagerie and equestrian aggregation now exhibiting on the West Side. The collection of wild animals is very extensive and full of interest, and this part of the exhibition has proved an attraction to a class of people who generally refrain from countenancing such institutions. Yesterday afternoon not a few clergymen, with their families, might have been seen wandering from tent to tent.

NIXON'S AMPHITHEATER.

The attendance at the Hippodrome showed no falling off last night, and the performances were as excellent and varied in their character as usual. The programme is being changed almost every day, so that those who go one day need not fear too much sameness on their next visit. The small people, and the lady who is nightly blown from the mouth of a mortar to a trapeze, constitute some of the main attractions for this week.

BLIND TOM.

This musical prodigy will give three concerts at Central Hall, commencing on Thursday evening, June 6th. He is a subject well worthy of the study and attention of every scrutinizing mind.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Home and Health for June is before us, and is certainly a very valuable number. Order it from the Newsdealers, or send direct to DePuy, Lyon & Co., No. 52 Fourth Ave., New York. Single copies 15 cents; \$1.50 per annum.

The Phenological Journal for June is an admirable number to close the Fifty-fourth volume of that most excellent family magazine. A new volume begins with the July number. A good time to subscribe; fine premiums offered. Terms, \$3 a year. S. R. Wells, New York.

Eclectic Magazine. The June number of the Eclectic contains the continuation of the series of men eminent in American public life, a fine portrait in steel of Senator Carl Schurz. This is perhaps the best portrait of Mr. Schurz that has been published. Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Terms, \$5.00 a year; two copies, \$9.00. Single number, 45 cents.

The June Galaxy opens with a timely article by Justin McCarthy on "Sir Charles Dilke and the English Republicans," in which that clever essayist draws a spirited picture of the leading Republicans of England. Ivan Turgenev's story called "Faust" is concluded. It displays the best characteristics of the great Russian novelist. General Custer continues his series, "My Life on the Plains," writing with a directness and simplicity which well becomes the dashing cavalryman. The editorial department, as usual, discusses literature, science, art, politics, and society, and the Club Room adds humor and pathos.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night! Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore, Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the silver threads out of my hair, Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

"Backward, flow backward, O tide of years! I am so weary of toils and of tears—Toll without recompense, tears all in vain—Take them and give me my childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay, Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away, Weary of sowing for others to reap; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded, our faces between, Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain, Long I to-night for your presence again; Come from the silence so long and so deep; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

"Over my heart in days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever was shown, No other worship abides and endures, Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours. None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and the world-weary brain; Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep, Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

"Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again, as of old, Let it fall over my forehead to-night, Shading my faint eyes away from the light, For with its sunny-edged shadows once more, Happily will through the sweet visions of yore, Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

"Mother, dear mother! the years have been long Since I last rushed to your lullaby song; Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been but a dream. Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep; Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!"

In Memoriam.

We learn through a friend just from Rochester, that the death angel has been busy among the workers there, promoting several of them.

BRO. P. I. CLUM, long known as one of the prominent Spiritualists of that city, and an earnest and indefatigable laborer, active in all good works, has gone to the home of the angels.

BROS. ANTHONY AND FISHER, two other laborers in this vineyard, have been called up higher; and on the 9th of May, our venerable friend, ISAAC POST, received his pass to the realms of endless day.

Bro. Post's name is identified with the very earliest movements of Modern Spiritualism. It was at his suggestion at the house of John Fox, in Hydesville, about the 31st of March, 1848, that an intelligent plan for receiving communications through the raps by calling the alphabet, was adopted, and the plan was also adopted, which has become general all over the world, that one rap should mean, no; two raps convey a doubtful meaning, and three or more, an affirmative. It was at the house of Bro. Post, who, with his blessed and loving wife, had long been known as pioneers in the Anti-Slavery and Temperance causes, that the mediums, the Fox girls and their mother found shelter at the time when an infuriated mob attacked them in Corinthian Hall. Amy Post stood as a faithful guard over them like a true and heroic woman, as she is.

Bro. Post and his wife were eminent and faithful members of the Society of Friends, and their connection with the various reforms has given them, like Isaac T. Hopper and Lucretia Mott, a world-wide reputation, while the excellence of their characters, which ever shone forth in their actions, as well as from their faces, endeared them to all who knew them. In our intercourse with these friends, we always felt that they were like pillars firmly planted upon Divine principles, and their lives were continued sermons to all around them. Isaac was developed as a writing medium, and we have before us now a volume written through his hand, and published in 1852. It is entitled "Voices from the Spirit World, being communications from many spirits by the hand of Isaac Post, Medium." The communications are very interesting. The departure of such a person leaves a void which we may well ask who shall fill? To such a man, ripe in years and in good works, the change is blessed.

The following beautiful tribute, written by Horace M. Richards, is a fitting close for our notice:

PASSED TO HIGHER LIFE.

So ripe, and full, the gathered sheaf; Why should the harvest bring us grief? Bowed and bent, by the weight of grain Garnered, a life not lived in vain.

Through toil, and pain, he carried his load, Through briars and brambles walked his road So noble and true; so grand and good, 'Twas the mountain's top, on which he stood.

So simple his life to others given, In duty done, he found his heaven. The burdens lifted, the dried up tears His crown of glory, through eternal years.

Give him glad welcome! O holy angels! For he, too, was one of God's evangel. Knowing no color, race, nor creeds, His life one prayer of loving deeds.

Crown him O angels! he brings the token, Of riven chains, of manacles broken. He, too, at last, unfettered free Earth's bondage leaves, for liberty.

Thanks unto God! O ye who still remain; Thanks that the reaper so lovingly came; Thanks for a life so grandly spent; Thanks for the reaper Divinely sent.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 21, 1872.

The Pennsylvania Railroad.

This is one of the best roads in the world, having a double track of steel rails extending across this great State, whose scenery of mountain, valley, and river, are at all seasons unrivaled. It was one of the first roads to adopt the Westinghouse Brake, which has doubtless been the means of saving many lives, and is one of the most important improvements in the safety of railroad travel. The connections of this road with New York in the East and the Pacific road in the West, makes it a favorite line of travel, while its magnificent cars and gentlemanly conductors make it always pleasant to travelers.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

IS

THE KEY

THAT UNLOCKS THE GOLDEN GATES OF THE FUTURE.

It demonstrates the fact of a future existence beyond the possibility of a doubt, by appealing to one of the strongest of all our senses—that of sight. The investigation to which it has been submitted during the last twelve years, BOTH SCIENTIFIC AND LEGAL, together with the endorsement of thousands of respectable people who have had pictures taken of their spirit friends that they fully and unquestionably recognize, stamps it as a truth, and gives us a

MOST POWERFUL ARGUMENT

in favor of our beautiful philosophy.

Mr. W. H. Member, of Boston, is the medium through whom these beautiful manifestations were first given. His arrest, a few years since, in New York, for taking these pictures, his subsequent trial and honorable acquittal rendered him at once famous. Consequently his pictures have been sought for from every quarter of the civilized world. Thus he is scattering broadcast "seed that shall spring up and bear fruit," and doing an amount of good which is incalculable.

Mr. Mumler has made us SPECIAL AGENTS for the sale of his interesting pictures.

As many who have pictures taken do not care to give publicity to them, Mr. M. is somewhat limited in the number of specimens; but we are of a description of some of these which he thinks the parties will not object to being distributed.

Capt. R. Montgomery,

of Hodgsons Mills,

MAINE.

Moses A. Dow,

Ed. Waverly Magazine,

Boston,

MASS.

John J. Glover,

Quincy,

MASS.

Herbert Wilson,

Boston,

MASS.

Mr. Winslow,

Boston,

MASS.

Mrs. Tinkham,

Lowell,

MASS.

Mrs. Cottrell,

Boston,

MASS.

Mrs. H. B. Sawyer,

Winona,

MINN.

Master Herrod,

N. Bridgewater,

MASS.

Mrs. Eastman,

New York.

Mrs. Charter,

E. Boston,

MASS.

Emma H. Britten,

FORMERLY

Emma Hardinge.

MASS.

Equally as Interesting

ARE

Our Correspondence.

[JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer. West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, viz: "The Science of Human Life," "Republican Government—its Principles," "Universal Suffrage," "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects," "Labor and Capital—their True Relations," "Capitalism—its Principles," "The Evolution of Man," "God—in the Science of Human Life," "The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism." Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.]

THE MALE GOD IDEA IN GOVERNMENT.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Travelling Correspondent.] The achievements of science have almost always produced a psychological effect upon the minds of earth's ignorant and superstitious children, which have usually been manifest in the action of the physical senses; the simple, untutored ones exhibiting the natural action of veneration, when holding supreme sway in the mind, without the restraining and guiding influence of knowledge and reason, by causing the person to fall prostrate and worship the object which seemed incomprehensible to its limited development.

Innumerable instances are placed upon record in history, where civilized man, or the results of his scientific knowledge, have called forth this servile worship from the untutored and ignorant.

It is only necessary to allude to the fact that history is teeming with illustrations of the action of this faculty in the minds of those who are recognized as belonging to the intelligent and civilized portions of the race. So thoroughly have their minds been drilled in the dogmas that recognize an external, incomprehensible power as the source upon which man must ever depend for development, that they with involuntary rudeness and bigotry, ascribe all new things in the domain of thought or science as emanations from the *Demon of Evil*.

It is quite natural, and perfectly in harmony with such bold, bleak, dismal conceptions, to ever be on the alert to proclaim their anathemas against new truths, because each new discovery of necessity illuminates the venerated *Unknownable*, and few of them but have mental armor sufficient to foresee that a continuous process of illumination will, in the eternity of the future, fathom the very philosophy of their *Incomprehensible*—hence all this noise is simply the morbid action of a perverted veneration, exhibited through the physical senses as *servile worship*.

It is maintained by theologians, that it is necessary to have a restraining and external power outside of the soul, existing as a grand reservoir, from which heads of families, deacons, priests, doctors, councilmen, mayors, governors, presidents, kings, emperors, and that portion of our citizens who desire to have their "Lord Jesus Christ" recognized in the fundamental law as "Chief among the rulers of the nations of the earth," may, "through the grace of God," "Divine Right," etc., hold in subjection to their self-appointed aristocracy of might the individual rights of the units of the nation.

It is a very singular and pointed coincidence, that in the conceptions of men this governing power was always said to be derived from a *male God*, who almost always delegated these "divine rights" to the *male* portion of the human family; indeed this fact is very remarkable, and evidently can not be explained so well upon any other hypothesis to some minds, as the ever ready dogma of the "mysterious ways of an incomprehensible providence."

To that class of minds who demand a reason for all things, we will present the following analysis:

Upon the animal plane of evolution, *might* is almost invariably the fundamental condition which sustains existence, and determines which portion or species shall control and live upon the others.

The gradual unfolding of benevolence, and the sympathetic elements or functions, with a corresponding restraint upon the destructive functions, manifested in the higher animals to some extent, and developed still further in primitive man; but the embryonic condition incident to this period of man's evolution necessarily grasped hold of a stern, muscular, powerful, athletic being, as the highest recognizable perception of their predominant physical senses; the *male* portion of all organized animals seemed to embody the best representation of this controlling force, and naturally reasoning from this low standpoint, they formed in their conceptions a *male God* of physical might.

In the whole history of the past, this rudimentary idea has held absolute sway, as the corner-stone of all phases of governments, from the head of the family to the head of the nation, while the male element of the race has been its arbitrary, self-appointed constituency.

The effect of such pernicious ideas have been lamentable in their consequences to the welfare of man. Either directly or indirectly the persecutions and "holy crusades," incited by a dominant priesthood, resulted in the fearful carnage recorded in history. The constant, persistent efforts of rulers to perpetuate their power and subjugate the masses, have all been by and through the authority of this masculine principle of force, if we can believe the solemn professions of those who inaugurated these horrible wars. All of the intolerance of free thought and independent opinion existing among mankind to-day, are traceable directly to the ignorance which follows as the inevitable result where all change is stoutly opposed, because it might interfere with the pre-conceived opinions of those who desire to "glorify" the *He* principle of might.

It is utterly impossible to ever attain the best method of evolution of a whole science of life, unless this debasing, servile worship of a selfish principle is trampled under the heel of scientific knowledge; then, grandeur of the conceptions and feelings, expansive love for Nature's brotherhood, a knowledge that inherent in the soul of all nature exists the capacity for self-development, a recognition of a continuous progressive evolution of all things, which makes it possible to attain the most exalted condition of knowledge and power, infinitely beyond the pigmy ideal of *male might* in a throne, thrills the soul with grand and noble aspirations.

The question involuntary startles the mind, can we have any remnant of this barbarous, debasing principle in operation in our glorious Republic?

Let us cautiously and firmly place the best government upon earth under a microscopic analysis, and see whether our foundation is free from this physical aristocracy. With everlasting gratitude to the authors of the Declaration of Independence, we discover that they recognized as among the inherent, natural rights of all persons, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but entirely ignored a masculine God or his physical characteristics, as something from which republics do not derive their powers, because the principle is distinctly enunciated, that "gov-

ernments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We also find that the condition of civilization existing at the formation of our government would not admit of putting these grand principles in full operation, hence many remnants of this barbarous principle still exist, as excrescences upon the body politic, which the enlightened spirit of the future will modify, and amend in accordance with truth.

It may be well to suggest a few of the prominent points where changes may be necessary in our Constitution, in order to entirely free us from the debasing influence of the teachings of those who believe in a male mythological God. While the *sectarian Christians* propose a radical change in the fundamental idea of the government, we simply desire that the *basic idea* of the government shall be developed into proportions to correspond to the progress of civilization. An amendment was made to the Constitution, to recognize an advance of public sentiment after the abolition of slavery, why not have another amendment to recognize the death of the masculine principle of might, by recognizing the constituency of "all persons," instead of simply the male persuasion.

Why not have an amendment to recognize the death of the God principle of might by abolishing capital punishment, because if "life is an inherent, natural right," where does the government obtain power to interfere with a single natural right?

Thanks to our forefathers, there is no need of an amendment to recognize the death of a religion based in ignorance and mystery, because the Declaration of Independence ignored such myths.

Letter of Inquiry.

BRO. JONES:—I clipped the following article from the *Christian Standard*, published at Cincinnati. Doubting its statements, I resolved to know the truth of the matter. Will you or Brother Hull please inform me regarding it, as some of our Orthodox friends are rejoicing over it? Is it true or false? We desire to know it.

Fraternally yours,
GEORGE P. COLBY.

Lyle, Minn., May 24, 1872.

"JEWELL AND HULL DEBATE."

BRO. ERRETT:—I thought to write a short letter to you in reference to the debate that took place here last month, between Brother W. R. Jewell and a Modern Spiritualist, by the name of D. W. Hull.

It has been some time since the debate came off, and I have not heard one word from any of the many preaching brethren who were present, and in view of this fact, I deem it but justice to Bro. Jewell to make some statements in reference to the causes that led to it, its result, effects, etc.

The debate was brought about by the Spiritualists themselves. They had become very boastful in this place, and so bold as to bid defiance to the clergy of every order, and had even gone so far as to publish a challenge in our city papers; and not one of the preachers of this town would meet them, whether on account of pride, fear, or contempt, I am not prepared to say. Be that as it may, I will pass it without further comment.

Bro. Jewell was living at Lafayette at that time, and was visiting us occasionally. It was during one of his visits here, that his attention was called to this challenge, by a Methodist lady.

He immediately called on Mr. Doherty, who is their representative man in this place, and asked him if he would stand by the published challenge. After some hesitancy, he intimated that they did not intend the challenge for Bro. Jewell, but for the clergy of this city. But finally, after being hard pressed, he agreed to furnish a man who would debate with him.

The following questions were agreed upon: I. The Bible (King James' Version) sustains modern Spiritualism in its phases and teachings.

II. Modern Spiritualism furnishes a reliable source of information to mankind as to present duty and future welfare.

Mr. Moses Hull, of Boston, was to be the affiant in both propositions, but when they found that they had to debate or back down, that gentleman was so busy that he could not spare the time, so Mr. D. W. Hull was put upon the stage in his place. We never knew why Moses Hull was withdrawn, and D. W. Hull put in his place, unless it was because Moses had once been a Materialist, and had written a book in which he says some hard things of Spiritualism, which he knew Bro. Jewell would use against him in the debate. One thing is very certain, when D. W. found that he had a giant to contend with, his brother Moses was not so busy but that he put in an appearance on very short notice.

I shall not attempt to give you even a synopsis of the debate, for it would be too long, and we do not deem it proper at this time, but will say, once for all, that it was a complete failure on the part of Mr. Hull, and that Bro. Jewell gained a great victory in behalf of truth, justice, of Christianity and the Bible.

Bro. Jewell did his work vigorously and did it well. He is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

From what we have seen and heard since the debate, we are of the opinion that it will be a long time before Spiritualism will again vaunt itself in this town.

We will say in conclusion, that if any of the friends or brethren into whose hands this paper has fallen are pestered with Modern Spiritualists, or spirits, we would advise them to call on Bro. Jewell and he will cast them out—if not by the laying on of hands, by reason and Revelation.

John G. OVERTON.
Crawfordsville, Ind., May 1, 1872.

D. W. HULL'S REPLY.

Coming into the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office this morning, I found Brother Jones very busy looking over his list of letters. Opening the envelope containing the above, he handed it to me.

There were about fifty ministers present at the discussion, and if Mr. Overton did "not hear one word from any of the many preaching brethren who were present," it must have been because they had nothing favorable to report.

As to how the debate came about, who did the challenging, etc., Bro. Fisher Doherty, of Crawfordsville, Ind., can tell better than I. As far as I am concerned, I would as soon be the challenging party as the one challenged.

The discussion was arranged to come off between Moses Hull and W. R. Jewell, but as Jewell complained that it was not convenient to meet Moses Hull at the time appointed, the matter was indefinitely postponed. I was engaged in place of Moses Hull because I was in the State at the time, and could accommodate Jewell's convenience better than Moses Hull, who was living at Baltimore.

In Jewell's first speech he said: "I don't know why it is that D. W. Hull is here in place of Moses Hull. I was to debate with Moses Hull, and it seems that his

drawn, and replaced by that of his brother."

To this I replied:

"Moses Hull and my friend here were to name for some mysterious cause is withheld a discussion last fall, but his family became conveniently sick, and it was postponed. If Jewell wants a discussion with my brother, Moses Hull, he can have it."

These two items tell the story so far as Moses Hull's "back down" is concerned, but the matter came up again during the discussion in an unlooked for way, and I will relate it that the reader may see who did the backing-down.

All through the discussion, Jewell had found considerable fault with me for quoting the Bible. He claimed that I did not believe it, and had no right to use it. To this I replied:

"My friend finds fault with me for using the Bible. Our proposition is: 'Resolved, That the Bible sustains Spiritualism in its phases and teachings.' When he sent me this proposition with the other one, he said, 'I will debate these two propositions and no others.'"

I was determined he should not crawl out of a discussion through that hole, so I accepted them. "The second night he should see that I stuck to my proposition and proved it by the Bible, instead of going to John Wesley for evidence. Now that the Bible is stronger evidence than he had bargained for, he finds fault with me for using it. What am I to do? They don't want me to prove my proposition either with or without the Bible. The trouble is, they are sick of this proposition, and you will never get one of them to discuss it again."

"Yes, I will," said Jewell; "I will debate it with you next week."

The Indianapolis friends were wanting a discussion at that place, and I dropped a note to Madison Doherty to challenge Jewell to meet me at that place, which he did as soon as the discussion closed that evening. The next day Brother F. Doherty received a note from Mr. Jewell, saying that he would meet me in Indianapolis, provided: 1st, that he (Doherty) would indorse me; 2d, that he would be at the expense of hiring the hall; and, 3d, that he would take no admittance fee at the door, thus putting him to all the expense, and allowing him no opportunity of receiving anything for his outlays.

As I considered this a square "back down," I lost no time in informing the audience that Jewell had "shown the white feather," and there would be no debate next week. To this Jewell replied:

"We will debate with D. W. Hull in this city next week, furnish our church and light it, if the friends will indorse D. W. Hull as their champion. Will you do it?"

Brother Doherty nodded.

JEWELL.—Will you indorse D. W. Hull?

DOHERTY.—I will.

JEWELL.—Will you indorse D. W. Hull in a discussion with me next week?

DOHERTY.—I will.

JEWELL.—Then I will not discuss with him. That's all there is of it. I don't want to dirty my hands with him.

Seeing that my fate was fixed, I then challenged the whole fraternity to put all the brains they had in the head of one man, as they had done in this discussion, "and meet Moses Hull next week."

To this, Jewell as faithfully agreed as he had before to meet me.

"Very well," I replied, "Moses Hull will be here to-night on his route to Louisville, and we will have him remain over."

But when Moses did come, Jewell made an excuse that he would not debate unless his brethren demanded it.

Suffice it to say that if Jewell's friends can hire, coax, or drive him to discuss with Moses Hull, he can have a debate on fair notice.

As to me, my case is hopeless. Jewell says he will never again meet me in a discussion. If he should ever repent of that assertion, or any of his brethren see fit to kill Spiritualism as they did at Crawfordsville, my address is Hobart, Indiana, and I am ready to be sacrificed.

D. W. HULL.

Baltimore, Maryland.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Perhaps a few items from us will not come amiss, that you readers may know how Spiritualism is progressing here in Baltimore.

All winter and spring we had with us here Master J. Jefferson Reilly, of Philadelphia, Pa., one of the best test and physical mediums in the country. As a test medium he has been developed some little over three years, and has, while with us, given some of the most remarkable and clear tests that could possibly be given, and through which he has convinced some of the most skeptical persons in Baltimore. Names of our dear departed friends appear very often on his arms, face and neck, equal to Charles Foster. As a physical medium he has only been developed a little over two months, and, as short as his development has been, I can safely assert that he excels now the Davenport Brothers, Laura Ellis, Charles Reed, Devitt Hoff, and all other physical mediums that ever came before the public.

At the request of our spirit friends, we are now getting a cabinet made, with which, as soon as completed, they have promised to show themselves to us as plain as they ever have done at Moravia, or with Dr. Slade. I have not the least doubt but what they will do so, for they have fulfilled every promise they have made us here before, and have even done more than they have promised.

Master Reilly has also been developed to answer sealed letters. He has answered not less than fifty within the last two weeks, and not one out of the fifty has failed to give perfect satisfaction, and all were answered correctly.

I will also state to Master Reilly's many friends, that they may soon expect him on the rostrum as a trance speaker, for he is developing very fast to that end. He delivered a lecture last night (May 26th) for the East Baltimore Spiritual Association, on the subject of "Immortality," and it was pronounced by all that heard him, as one of the best lectures that ever came from man's lips.

As soon as Master Reilly is fully developed in what his spirit friends intend to do, he will come out before the public, which will be about September or October next. He is now only nineteen years of age, and is at present engaged with the East Baltimore Spiritual Association, which has only been organized a little over two months, and is now in a healthy and flourishing condition.

Yours in Truth,
GEO. F. ULLRICH,
Secretary for E. B. S. Association, 85 S. Washington street, Baltimore, Md.

We hope our good brother will continue to furnish us incidents connected with Spiritualism in Baltimore.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

A NEW ENGLAND engineer lately dreamed that one of the forward trucks of his engine was cracked. When he awoke he had a premonition lest his dream might prove true, and thought he would go down to see that everything was right. On examining the engine-house he found the truck precisely in the same condition as he had seen it in his dream, and another engine had to be substituted in its stead.

The End.

In my article entitled "The Steinway Hall Convention," the compositor substituted "sainted Hegira" for "painted Hetera" in the closing paragraph, and changed the punctuation in such a manner as materially to affect the meaning of the sentences. I would be greatly obliged if you would republish the following corrected copy of the paragraph in question:

"We are not croakers, prophesying the sufferings in store for the future. We see no cause for alarm in this movement, which indicates on its surface its hopeless weakness, but in the coming to the surface of that class which hitherto concealed themselves in darkness; the success of that class by audacity and brazen insolence; the setting aside of virtue, honor, duty and integrity by their followers, in order to prove their devotion and consistency; in the eagerness and satisfaction with which doctrines spawned from the heated corruption of the passions are received and made the rule in the conduct of life, are indications of national decay. Greece arose to eminence under the austere wisdom of the sages, but when the painted Hetera usurped by lascivious arts the minds of her rulers, she went with swift feet to decay. History often repeats itself. Have we returned to the reign of the Hetera?"

Since the above was written the "Equal Rights Convention" has held its sessions and fulfilled the prophecy expressed. At least not yet is the government to pass into the hands of the Hetera. The self-appointed delegates were the odds and ends of impracticable measures and exploded theories. The nomination of "Spotted Tail" for the Vice-Presidency was earnestly made by a friend of poor Lo. The "Convention" made a blunder in not accepting this nomination rather than that of Douglas, for the most blind would at once discern the fitness of two such nominees as Woodhull and Spotted Tail, neither of whom are eligible to any office. The "noble Red Man," far away in his forest fastnesses, unable to read the newspapers, even if unfortunately they fell in his war-path, would have remained in blissful ignorance of this last fell insult to his prostrate race.

There have been threatenings of coming tornado and "overslough" of our government, and Don Quixote has attempted, although but half mounted, to spur Spiritualism against that windmill. The effort indicated more pluck than wisdom.

The "Convention," the last resort, for which the world awaited, ready browed to be turned over, nominated a candidate who, if elected, is ineligible to office, and thus demonstrated its high executive ability. It was not probable Douglas would accept, but, as was suggested by a lady delegate, "the negroes and women were so much alike, a negro should be on their ticket," he was retained. To the credit of the wisdom of the "Convention," a proviso was suggested, that if he did not accept they would vote for "some other negro!" So the rocket duly prepared went up with unconscious Douglas for a tail.

And thus is proved the principle of Homoeopathy: "*Similia similibus curantur*,"—like cures like. The best antidote for fanaticism is an overdose of the same.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Death Gives a Vantage-Ground to the Soul.

Death is a sleep and an awaking; and we must believe that the soul emerges from the darkness of this sleep such as it was when it entered into it. The spirit will stand forth beautiful or deformed, pure or defiled, strong or weak, complete or imperfect, healthful or diseased, according to its nature while it was living, half concealed, in this tabernacle of flesh. But so far as the consciousness of the spirit and its appearance are concerned, there is between the two lives one immense difference. I have said that sin is not of the body, but of the soul. It is true, at the same time, that much that we call sin is of the body. Every wrong act committed leaves its mark upon the brain. Habit, working through the body, chains the spirit to its past self, even when it would forsake its past self. The faults or the sins or the mistakes of parents leave their marks upon their children, give them weights to carry through life. The very weakness and disorder of the physical system, of brain and nerves, make themselves felt in the life. No person who strives after the highest life is able to fulfill even her own highest thought of life. How many persons do we see struggling with some false tendency, which is always tripping them up when they would least have it so! How many drunkards struggle against their terrible thirst, with a purpose and an aspiration that would win them sainthood, were it not for this terrible enemy! How many men and women struggle against some infirmity of temper that besets them, because their nerves are all jangled and out of tune! How many such struggles are carried on in life we cannot know. They are fought in the very secret places of the soul. The brave struggler after peace and love and purity, and a lofty faith, feels himself often vanquished in the fight. There is a law in his members, working against the law in his spirit so that what he would he does not, and what he would not he does. Death, we may believe, puts an end to this struggle; it unbinds the soul.

The spirit that has thus struggled stands forth free, strong, erect, pure, glad. It mounts with a sudden flight up to the heights toward which it has been struggling so long. It fulfills its own ideal. Loftier heights will be yet before it; grander ideals will lure it on; but what it longed to be, what it strove to be, it has become. What a revelation of life it would be to us, if we could see the spirits that thus emerge, clean out of the mire of life, pure out of its pollution, peaceful out of its strife, exalted, out of its degradation, victorious out of its defeats!—[C. C. Everett.]

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, oh, excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman that have alighted at our gate; or a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings at any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he can not buy at any price in any city, what he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality be in bed and in board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—Emerson.

AN English law compels a married woman, if she has money or the means of making it, and her lord has none, to support him, be he ever so worthless, that the expense of his keeping may not come upon the parish.

I NEVER knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—Pope.

THE New Lebanon (N. Y.) Shaker community is losing heavily in membership, twenty of the brethren having gone back to the "world's people" within two or three months.

Voices from the People.

MENDOTA, ILL.—Geo. W. Corkins writes.—The JOURNAL continues to make its welcome visits to us. It is highly appreciated.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—L. O. Root writes. I wish a good test medium would come to this place, also a good, able lecturer.

IMLAY CITY, MICH.—Althea S. Black writes. We thank you very much for sending the JOURNAL without pay so long. We have taken it since it was first started.

HILLSBORO, OHIO.—C. B. Moore writes.—May you prosper. Your paper is just the thing for one class of minds. Shall do all I can for its extension.

ATLANTA, ILL.—Mrs. E. McKee writes.—I feel it my duty to aid the JOURNAL, all in my power, so long as it remains truthful and independent as at present.

NEWTON, N. J.—G. B. Garrison writes.—I always lend the JOURNAL as soon as I carefully read it. I could not do without it now. I will do all I can for its circulation in this place.

CHICKASAW, IOWA.—David Edwards writes. I would say, "God bless you." Bro. Francis thus far has failed to find him, though, controlling spirit indicates wonderful intelligence.

MASSILLON, OHIO.—A. Knoblock writes.—The JOURNAL is just what we want to load with good, sound, human progressive knowledge, the empty Christian shells which are floating on the lake of ignorance, and are tossed about by the ecclesiastical storms of hell-fire and brimstone.

AUBURN, N. Y.—Wm. J. Ferguson writes.—I have been taking your paper for the last three years and have been greatly benefited thereby. We have a good many Spiritualists in our city, but they keep very shady. There are several private circles held here, but people are very much afraid of old Mother Grundy.

THOMPSON, MINN.—A. W. P. writes.—Inclosed find \$1.50. Please send the JOURNAL to Nathan Davis for one year. It is a present from his boys, who are up here among the pines. They thought they could not make him a more appropriate present.

If more presents of this kind were made, the world would be all the better for it. [Ed. JOURNAL.]

SYLVESTER, WIS.—C. L. Morgan writes.—The JOURNAL has become a necessity to me. It is the bread of life to my fainting spirit. It impresses me more favorably each number. For your consistent course in regard to the Woodhull movement, I think you will gain much among right-minded Spiritualists.

ASHEWA, IOWA.—J. A. Stevens writes.—Your JOURNAL has been sent to me by some unknown friend for six months for seventy-five cents, and has rendered such glorious satisfaction that I can afford to renew and send another subscriber, and truly hope if all would persevere in the cause of truth that finally "the whole lump will be leavened."

WACO, TEXAS.—G. J. Buck writes.—We are in receipt of your vigorous JOURNAL, and appreciate your ready courtesy. Accept our sincere acknowledgments. The JOURNAL will be, and has been, fully displayed and carefully filed in our Reading Rooms. Our Library Association is quite a pet institution in the community. You most probably remember my presence with you in Chicago in 1870.

It is with great pleasure that we send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to all similar institutions free of charge, when we are assured that it shall be placed in a conspicuous place to be read by the public.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

JACKSON, TENN.—J. H. Harper writes.—If J. M. Peebles, E. V. Wilson or some other good lecturer and test medium would give our people an opportunity to hear and see the manifestations of immortalized existence, it would prove to them, or many of them, a savor of life unto life, and take away from them the ungodly fear of hell-fire and brimstone, and that still greater stumbling-block, called Orthodoxy.

STILES, IOWA.—F. M. Milliken writes.—Your kind letter of advice was gratefully received. Every number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL brings fresh memories of your great work for humanity. I am astonished that any person should take exceptions to your course in the Slade affair. I assure you that you made some friends here. My copy of the JOURNAL is read by several persons. I circulate it freely, and I shall ever try to extend its circulation by inducing people to subscribe for it.

GREECE, N. Y.—S. Hayford writes.—Some time since, I sent you three dollars for the seventh and eighth trial papers of your excellent JOURNAL. They are such a blessed feed to my soul, that I cannot enjoy them to my satisfaction alone, so when I can not induce people to subscribe I send them where I think they will be appreciated. I have a beautiful portrait of my mother who "died" sixty-one years ago, painted by J. B. Fayette, of Oswego; also a beautiful wreath and landscape.

WASHINGTON, KAN.—B. W. Williams writes. In this portion of the moral vineyard in the fair West, are a few Spiritualists and many liberal-minded people, who are hungering and thirsting after a better knowledge of the realities of a future life. They are starved out on the teachings of old Orthodoxy; they don't believe it. There is a splendid opening here for a good, Spiritual lecturer. The harvest truly is ripe. We are in want of a good test medium. I have a half, sixty by twenty feet, over my store. I am sure we can make it pay any one that may chance to come this way. Let me say to the friends East, that wish to come West, here is a fine place to come. We want more mechanics, etc.

MT. VERNON, MO.—E. M. Hendrick, M.D. writes.—I wish I could do more to extend the circulation of the JOURNAL, for I believe it to be the best spiritual paper published. Many persons here are willing to read the JOURNAL and some anxious to investigate, since Mrs. Wilcoxson lectured here last winter, who before paid but little or no attention to the subject. One man who would not permit the paper to be read in his house, has been induced to read it, and now pronounces it the best paper in the world. I am doing what I can in the way of healing the sick. I have for some time treated diseases psychomagnetically and by spirit-influence, and have made some wonderful cures. My greatest success has been in chronic ophthalmia (sore eyes), which I never have failed to cure when treating under spirit-influence.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—D. A. Eddy writes.—You did nobly in showing up Mrs. Woodhull, and I ought to have thanked you before, as Judge Edmonds did, but don't get much time now-days to write. I think Woodhull stock is falling. Her admirers are getting sick, and I hope they will get worse till they vomit up all they have swallowed that has emanated from that fanatic and scourge to the spiritual fraternity. Already my predictions for the winter months ago, have come to pass, and the end is not yet. When it does come, I hope it may result in good. At present disorder, discord, division, inharmonious and disagreeable have been the only fruits resulting from this woman's teachings. When the cloud passes, we hope for sunshine. I am glad that your record is all right. Wish I could say as much for the other spiritual papers.

HARRISBURG, PA.—Wm. T. Bishop writes.—The last JOURNAL has a notice of Thomas White dying at Mr. Potts' had been a relative, his poor, worn-out body could not have been cared for more kindly; and on the Sabbath, a number of the friends followed the body to its last home. Tears were shed as the stranger dead was laid away. The expression on the old man's face, as I saw it, was one of perfect rest, as though he had journeyed to the end. He died in poverty, yet I could not but exclaim: "Let my last days be like his!" His friends here are having interesting circles and are attending. Wm. C. Potts will be in your city before long, having already started from home, but will stop on the way. Patrick Ocer threatens to take Andrew B. Potts (twin brother of William) on another trip.

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The Spiritual Harp,

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and Social Circle.

Frontier Department.

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

BROTHER WILSON'S continuation of his article in reference to Dr. Slade not coming to hand in time for last week's issue, we, fearing that it had been miscarried, inclosed to him in a letter the last sheet of the pages received, that he might not be embarrassed as to where he "left off." But to our surprise, what purports to be a continuance arrived with the next mail, and now we are obliged to delay his department again for the sheet we sent him. We expect it will arrive in time for the next issue.—[ED JOURNAL.

DOCTOR P. B. JONES, the great Magnetic Healer, informs us that his business has so increased that he will be compelled to remain in Atchison, Kansas, for at least two months longer.

Wisconsin.

The eminent and successful physician for chronic diseases, Dumont C. Duke, M.D., can be consulted at the Myers House, Janesville, Saturday and Sunday, June 8th and 9th; Goodwin House, Beloit, 10th and 11th; Park House, Madison, Wednesday and Thursday, 12th and 13th; and monthly visits during the year.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson,

The healing medium, desires us to say for the benefit of those interested, that some one wrote her on the 23d of May for diagnosis and prescription, inclosing two dollars, but failed to give name and post-office address. The envelope shows it to have been mailed in Iowa, but the post-office address was too indistinct to be deciphered.

James M. Choate, the Medium.

The above named *most excellent test medium* is now stopping in Chicago for a short time. He will give sittings to those who desire most positive evidence of spirit communion, days and evenings during his stay in the city. He can be found at the reception-rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 150 Fourth Avenue.

He will make engagements to hold evening seances at private houses.

Kindness Will be Rewarded.

Two ladies have already responded to our call to help in bringing that most remarkable medium, Bro. H. A. Streight, before the public. He will richly compensate any one who will come to his aid in the most beautiful works of art. His paintings are magnificent! They do justice to the "old masters" who control him for the work. Address Bro. Streight at Palmyra, Mo., or the editor of this paper, at Chicago, Ill. Bro. Streight will locate in Chicago, where he will be accessible to all who may desire to see him, so soon as he receives sufficient orders to enable him to move his family to this city. Who else will take hold of this matter in earnest?

Specimens of his paintings are on exhibition at the Reception Rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago. The public are respectfully invited to call and see them.

Lecture at Allen's Hall.

Yesterday, at 3 o'clock p.m., Mrs. Addie L. Ballou addressed a small but appreciative audience at Allen's hall. By way of prelude she read the "Song of the Street" in a very affecting manner, then for her subject she chose the wonder of Mary when she visited the Saviour's tomb, after the Crucifixion, "who shall roll away the stone of the sepulcher," which subject she treated in an able but unique manner, grey-haired matrons and strong men were visibly affected, and eyes long unused to weeping were moistened by tears at the picture she drew of the suffering she had witnessed in the jails, poor houses and penitentiaries of our country. At the close of the lecture she read the "Woman of the Town," and being a fine elocutionist, her rendition of it was grand. She held her audience spell-bound for nearly three hours, and all seemed to regret the too speedy conclusion of her lecture.—*Springfield (O.) Advertiser.*

Letter of Inquiry.

BROTHER E. V. WILSON:—I have no personal acquaintance with you (I wish I had), but I know of you—and on the whole, I rather like your style of explaining abstruse questions of the church. I have been looking over the thirty-nine articles of the Christians' Creed, and I have got stuck at the very threshold of my investigation, and I want you to rise and explain, for the benefit of your California admirer. The first article reads thusly: "There is but one living true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passion; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible. And in Unity of this Godhead, there be three persons of one substance, power, and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Now, this article looks to me slightly mixed, and what I want to know is—If "God" is "without body," how can he sit on a throne? Having no body, of course it follows that he is minus head, ears, eyes, mouth, and perhaps brains? In such a fix, how is he going to distinguish between saints and sinners, at the day of judgment? Having "no passion," how can he love the righteous and hate the wicked? Being headless and bodiless, how does he work it to exhibit "power" and "wisdom"? In short, I want to know how a body without a body, can be "three persons." How did he talk to Moses face to face, and how can three persons be one body, having neither head, arms, legs, or body? How can he, or it, have shown his backside to Moses in the rocks, all I want to know just now. Hold on a moment, I will suggest, that if you think in the rock—what he says he did, why, I can understand how he can sit on the throne—and you need not further explain on that point—that's all I wish to suggest just now.

Very Truly,
R. B. HALL.
Oakland, Cal., May 10, 1872.

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Rose Brothers, 362 State Street. The above-named firm have a fine sky-light gallery, and are taking Photographs and Tin-Types of the very best quality at greatly reduced prices, and warrant entire satisfaction. They have heretofore been enabled to get a few spirit likenesses, and hope, by and by, to make it a specialty. At present they are unable to get any that will warrant them in giving assurance of success in that line. If they, by accident, should succeed, that will be to the advantage of the patron, without any extra charge for the spirit likeness. They furnish copies of an excellent spirit likeness of a lady, taken by them in the night time—the camera being focused on the blaze of a lamp only. They have another, taken in TOTAL DARKNESS—a perfect likeness of a lady. Perfect copies of either likeness will be furnished and sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents. n12v12-1f

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Mrs. Jorgensen

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EDITOR JOURNAL:—For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement. I have been almost entirely bald for about six years. Had tried at most everything that I could hear recommended, and firmly believed that nothing could restore my hair.

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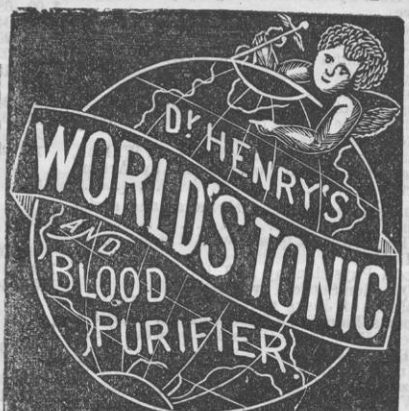
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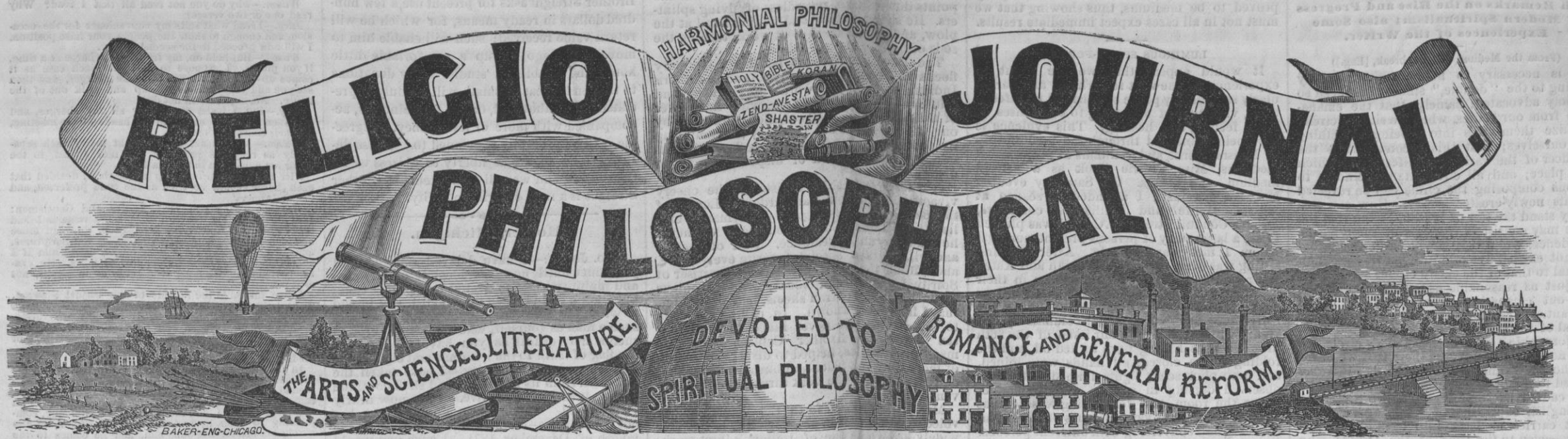
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VOLUME XII.

{ S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. }

CHICAGO, JUNE 22, 1872.

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NUMBER 14.

Original Poetry.

COMMUNION OF SPIRITS.

BY C. H. DOTY.

O you sad and weary mortals,
With the tear-stains on your cheek,
Do you think the blessed angels
Cannot come your forms to greet?
Yes, they do; upon your forehead
Gentle hands we often lay,
The great burden of your sorrow
Rolling lovingly away.

Little lips that once have kissed you,
And have passed the river o'er,
Come again with joy to greet you,
Sweetly as in days of yore;
But the pressure is so gentle—
And your vision is so dim
That you scarcely heed the portal
Left ajar by seraphim.

O you gay and thoughtless-hearted,
With life's nectar brimming o'er,
Think you that the loved departed
Meet your happy groups no more?
Think it not, the spirit's vision
Reaches to this lower sphere,
And the love that knows no sleeping
Seeks to guide and guard you here.

O you little scornful mortals,
Wrapped around in proud conceit,
Think you that your hate prevents us
Coming back your souls to greet?
It is true the spirits' entrance
You can bar with spite and sin,
But we wait with loving patience
Till you rise and let us in.

Will you call us fiends and demons,
Who love and aid you most?
Do you truly know its meaning,
Sinning 'gainst the Holy Ghost?
List, O listen, to the mission,
That is coming from on high,
And let Heaven and Earth in union
Work to bless and purify.

A STRANGE STORY.

Spirit Voices in the Air.

Spirits Talking Face to Face with Mortals, and Eat and Drink in Their Presence.

The Lacon, Ill., *Home Journal* tells the following strange story, and says:
"It is told by a Citizen of Orthodox belief, who personally witnessed what he describes; who does his own thinking, and investigates carefully before he pins his faith to anything; who never attended a Spiritual sitting in his life, and has heretofore utterly scouted the idea that the so-called manifestations had any supernatural origin or connection whatever. He tells what he saw, and leaves others to draw conclusions. To his mind, all description or collusion was out of the question, and the 'manifestations' (we use the word for want of a better term) continued while the manager (if the mother of the little medium may be so called) was absent from the room, engaged in a hot polemical dispute with a visitor."

Not far from our State Capitol resides a lady whom I will call Mrs. Smith. She has an adopted daughter about ten or twelve years of age. This daughter seems to be the innocent occasion of something quite unusual, to say the least, in the world of phenomena.

A venerable old gentleman, whom we name Mr. Brown, with his estimable lady, reside in affluence in the suburbs of the Capitol. They are entirely childless in their declining years, having lost five children in the last thirty years, their last child, a promising young man of eighteen, having fallen from a steamer and drowned while returning from St. Louis, about two years ago. This climax of misfortune, which took away their best prop, blighted their hopes and cast them into an overwhelming sorrow.

About the month of February last, under various circumstances of both time and place, voices were heard in conversation, carried on as by children and young persons, in the immediate vicinity of the little adopted daughter of Mrs. Smith. These voices claimed to be those of various people, and especially of young people. Among them were the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. So frequent and so urgent were the appeals to Mr. Brown and his wife to go over and hear the voices for themselves, that they at length yielded a very reluctant assent and went. And went again and again, until they were satisfied the talk they heard there, was really the conversation of their children that they invited Mrs. Smith and her little adopted daughter to visit them and remain several days, thus affording Mr. and Mrs. Brown the opportunity of hearing their children talk in their old home.

Hearing of all these things recently while spending a few days at the Capitol, we sought an interview with all parties at the house of Mr. Brown. He lives in a fine large brick mansion of modern finish, standing in the centre of an expansive lawn, with all the usual surroundings of abundant wealth. Mr. Brown is one of the oldest citizens of Central Illinois, and an old-school Presbyterian in religion. We were politely and generously welcomed to investigate, to see and hear all that was to be seen or heard. We found Mrs. Smith and her

daughter there. She was a stout Yankee lady, of fifty-five, perhaps, intellectual and energetic, and the little girl, a quiet, undemonstrative child.

We were all invited to a seat in a well-furnished room, of fourteen by sixteen feet. In the room were a book-case, cabinet-organ, marble-top table, an arm rocking-chair, lounge, a guitar, a French harp, a small bell, and perhaps eight or ten common cane-seat chairs. Our company consisted of Mrs. Smith, her little daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and four other ladies and two gentlemen, a majority, like ourselves, curious and interested to see and hear anything strange and unusual. The room had two windows having outside blinds, and hung with heavy damask curtains, with one door opening from a hall. The little girl was seated in the rocker near the corner of the room, at the end of the table, which stood against the wall opposite us. The room was then darkened, and a lady by request played and sung a quiet little air for a minute, and all was dark and still. In a minute or two a clear and somewhat youthful voice was heard from the corner near the little girl saying, "Papa, that, that you got me in town to-day won't do, it's too heavy," and before this voice had fully uttered the above remark, another voice from the same quarter, somewhat like the former, yet different and more feminine, and said "It makes his fingers ache to play it, papa."

Mr. Brown at once replied, "Well, Bertie, I'll see if I can't get a better one." "Not yet," quickly replied the first voice, "I'll see, may be I shall get used to it."

Shortly, several voices from the same direction, joined in a general chat among themselves, and in reply to a shower of questions from the guests, who, by this time felt quite at home.

Here, a request was made that the little girl be tied. "Where's the string?" asked a voice from the corner. A string was tossed there, and soon the peculiar sound as of tying came for a minute from near the little girl; then the voice promptly said, "There, she's tied," which, on letting in the light by opening the door, we all found to be true. The little girl sat with her wrists firmly tied together, and both fastened to the arm of the chair. She, meantime, being fast asleep.

The door was again shut, and the voices again broke upon our ears in general conversation as before. "Sing something, said a lady to them, when a child-like voice sung

"Shall we gather at the river,"

for all the world like a Sunday school girl. Another like request brought out another song,

"The Golden star,"

all the verses with very distinct enunciation, yet with a child-like rendering in other respects. "Bertie," says one, "can't you whistle a tune for us?" "Yes, what'll you have?" "Oh, anything." A familiar air was whistled in a somewhat sharp, shrill whistle in a high key, not quite so life-like and natural as that of a school-boy.

"Whistle Yankee Doodle," said another, and Yankee Doodle was whistled. A moment of silence, and a sound as of fingers thumbing a guitar, and French harp accompanied by the bell, to which a dozen feet or more, seemed to keep time on the floor, immediately in front of the table. When they had finished, Bertie's voice was heard to say, "Well, Mrs. C., do you think the medium done all that?"

Here on request the door was opened. We all examined the little girl, and found her hands still tied and securely fastened to the arm of the chair, and fast asleep as before. Before closing the door again, a couple of hickory nuts were placed in the mouth of the little medium. Notwithstanding the precaution, almost before the door was fairly closed, the voices began as cheerily as ever, sometimes as many as five or six different and distinct voices being engaged in the general talk and chatter. An almost endless variety of questions were asked them, and answered by them, many of these questions and answers eliciting the most hearty peals of laughter, in which all the visitors joined from very sympathy and mirth.

They would answer as promptly and naturally as any human being could do. More music was called for, and they repeated the trio performance on the guitar, French harp and bell, to which three or four seemed to dance, and others to keep time with their feet on the floor, making it easy to distinguish six or eight pairs of feet in all.

One of the little girls, whose name the voice gave, was asked to sing Yankee Doodle. "Oh, no, that's too silly; I know you won't like that."

On being assured that it would be more than acceptable to us she readily, easily and very naturally sung:

"Yankee Doodle come to town on a little pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat and called it macaroni," which brought down the house with a hearty laugh, in which all the voices joined as loud and hearty as any body present.

A long line of questions followed. One says, "Bert, how did you manage to find your brother and sister, when you went over to that country?" "O," said he, "I went right to them."

Then the little child, who could hardly talk plain, was asked, "How did you find your brother and sister, Katie?" "They came and got me," she replied, in a sweet little voice, with somewhat imperfect accent.

Another says, "Bert, what sort of a country is it where you are?" "It's a real nice country," he quickly responded. "Everything is nice. The streets are paved with gold; the gates are made of pearls; the trees, and flowers, and hills and mountains, and everything pretty near that you have here, only it is a great deal nicer and better." They said they went to school; had work to do; business to attend to—everybody had something to do.

"What have you been doing, Bert, for the last few days?" asked one present. "I have been in a jewelry store a while," was the reply, "but most of the time I have been at school."

This son of Mr. Brown, who was drowned, had a favorite dog—one of those spotted carriage dogs—a fine fellow. When these voices were heard, he recognized Bert's and came into the room. Immediately, the voice from the table, called the dog by name, and chirruping to him, said, "Come here, Carlo," and the like. The dog moved around toward the voice, and distinct pats on his back could be heard. Indeed, most of them were such as to be heard in the hall, while the voice kept up a continuous rattle of kindly and petting terms. The dog received it all with the utmost relish.

The door was again thrown open, and all things were as before. The child-medium still fast asleep, breathing in that peculiar manner of a sound sleeper, her head reclining upon her breast, the hickory nuts in her mouth, and her hands fastened together and to the chair. All examined her; all seemed satisfied she had done nothing of all we had heard.

At about five and a half o'clock, after a two hours sitting and talk, the voice of Bert, quite to our astonishment, calls out, "Mamma, we are hungry, and want something to eat." "What will you have, my son?" said Mrs. Brown. "O, bring us some broiled fish and some strawberries and cream," responded Bert. "Yes," said another voice, "give us some strawberries and cream and some fish, mamma." Mrs. Brown and a lady friend and near neighbor, started to prepare the repast, and as they were passing out, the first voice says, "Hurry up, for we are hungry."

Very shortly after, the ladies returned with the fish and the berries, with spoons and knives and forks. We all examined the room, the plates, saucers, knives, forks and spoons; assured ourselves that the whole thing was real, and that the little medium was really tied and fast asleep as before.

The door was now closed again, and immediately there commenced the clatter of knives and forks and spoons, at the table, as if half a dozen real, live, flesh and blood people were earnestly at work making a meal. They talked, and we all talked as before. They would clear their throats; speak as if they had their mouths filled with food, with as much naturalness as you can imagine. Their eating lasted about fifteen minutes. They then called for a wet napkin, and on receiving it remarked, that it was cold.

Now, the light was found no one there. We all examined the room, found no one there but the medium, and nothing new except empty plates and saucers; a fork had fallen to the floor during their meal, and was still on the floor. This fork was Bert's; when it fell he remarked, "There goes my fork; well, I don't care—I can get along without it."

The plates and saucers being removed, the voices, the singing and laughing were resumed for a short time, when they told us they wouldn't do any more then, but would come again at nine o'clock. So the company dispersed.

The voices kept chattering and talking until all had left the room. We could distinctly hear them across the hall in another room. One voice called for "papa" to come back—they had something to say to him; another called, "Mamma, come back." Thus they were talking, as we left for home.

It was now after six o'clock. We had been observers of this phenomenon, whatever it was, for three hours, during which, the different persons composing our number, except two gentlemen who were seated next to us, and whom we knew perfectly well, went out and in with perfect freedom. But all this did not seem to change, or seriously interrupt the talking.

The foregoing is only a brief and an imperfect sketch of what actually happened. The entire three hours were crowded full of these sayings and doings. All in the room took an unrestrained part. Questions were asked in rapid succession; remarks were made by all present to the voices and to each other, precisely as would have been done if the voices were a part of the company. Sometimes, a new voice would appear, and would greet, by name, each person whom they knew, by saying, "How do you do, Mr., Miss, or Mrs. so-and-so," and Mrs. Smith would introduce the rest of us to them.

One asked Bert: "Where the little Swiss girl was that was here this forenoon?" "She's here," said Bert. "Why don't she talk?" "O, she can't talk English," Bert replied.

During their talk, they alluded with great glee to the fact of their waking up the family the night before. There came up a thunder storm while we were in the room. These voices commented upon the thunder and lightning and the rain. In short, they talked, laughed, sung and played, just as anybody would, for three hours, bid us all good-bye and disappeared.

You ask, what was it? I answer, voices. Whose? Don't know. I am satisfied that they proceeded from none of the persons who were with us in the room; and, except so far as these voices and sounds were an indication, there was no evidence whatever, of the presence in the room, of any other person. You, or some of your readers, may be able to account for it. I am not.

A wicked fellow was desperately sick and lying at death's door when he was called upon by a minister, who urged him in view of his probable early departure from the shores of time, to "wrestle with the Lord." The sick man called attention to his emaciated limbs and unstrung muscles, and said: "Do I look like wrestling with the Lord? Why, he would trip me into hell the first pass."

Clairvoyance.

BY H. C. PIERCE.

In a former article I have asked, how can a clairvoyant know that he or she is independent? There are a few who affirm it, but since clairvoyance is not synonymous with omniscience or infallibility, we may not take the person's bare assertion for the truth. Especially do we object to this course of settling the question, when we know so many clairvoyants who once thought themselves independent of spirit control, but now discover the true source of their power. Some persons are so averse to spirit influence and mediumship, that they would have repelled the approach of a spirit, had he come the usual way. They are tired and sick of their own mediumship, if they ever had any,—hence the spiritual power comes to them in a new way. Besides, the world was ready to investigate mesmerism, psychology, psychometry, and clairvoyance long before it could get its consent to entertain a thought favorable to spirit intercourse. The spirit-world took advantage of these earthly prejudices, and gently lead a great many souls into the comprehension of the truth. But the time is now fully come to discuss the true origin of the clairvoyant power.

Brothers Davis, Randolph, and one or two others have indicated that they are more than "mediums"—they are clairvoyants. In my first article, I referred to a statement in "Nature's Divine Revelations," that we might be spiritually influenced, without being conscious of such control. Strange to say, Randolph is made to testify, also, against his so-called independent powers. On page 12 of "Dealings with the Dead," the immortal Paschal B. Randolph says:

"For a time I attributed these exaltations of soul to myself alone, and supposed that I was not at all indebted to foreign aid for many of the thoughts to which at such moments I frequently gave utterance; but much study of the matter has at length convinced me not only that the inhabitants of the soul-worlds have much to do in moulding the great worlds of the future, but that occasionally they so manage things that their thoughts are often spoken, and their best, ends, and purposes fulfilled by us mortals, when we imagine that we alone are entitled to the sole credit of much that we say, think, and do, when the fact is, we, doubtless, are oftentimes merely the proxies of others, and act our allotted role in a drama, whose origin is entirely supernatural, and the whole direction of which is conducted by personages beyond the veil."

Admitting this, how can any of these independent clairvoyants, as they would be called, demonstrate the fact? It is utterly impossible.

But will the premises be denied? We think not. We remember, in further confirmation of the position here taken, to have seen a very interesting article from our worthy brother, and worker, Judge Edmonds, on "Unconscious Mediumship." It was in the *Banner of Light*, about a year or so ago, we believe. The writer clearly entertained the same views we have quoted from Davis and Randolph.

We have no particular word now for those who really believe in the independence of their mediumship; but we would respectfully suggest to those who are, and have been, spirit-mediums in the other phases thereof, as rapping, writing, trance, etc., that the judgment of the world is not very charitable toward them for exercising clairvoyance, and denying its spiritual character. We have the greatest sympathy for mediums as a class. Our bosom partner has enjoyed the gift from a mere child. We are bound to defend them in the right. But mediums are imperfect, as well as other folks. And some are ashamed to be called mediums, but they are wonderful clairvoyants! Let me entreat you, mediums, and friends of truth and progress, don't turn Peters and deny Christ. Let not Christ be wounded in the house of his friends. Do not cater to the silly prejudice of those who affect to despise mediums. Such are the men who despised and killed that Judean Medium who was not ashamed to say he had no power (independent clairvoyance) of himself. All his power was derived. So, also, is ours. We would not be uncharitable, but our experience teaches us to watch those very carefully who set themselves up as Clairvoyants, Astrologers and Psychometrists, and deny that they act under spirit-influence. They may, it is true, as we have seen, be ignorant of that influence or control; but we are acquainted with cases where, we are sorry to say, they are not honest, in denying mediumship or control.

It is a law of mediumship, that our own states determine the character of the spirits attracted to our sphere; hence, any unfaithfulness, or want of virtue in the mediums, must necessarily have a damaging effect upon their communications. Hence, it follows, that much of the so-called clairvoyance is from spirits upon an exceedingly low plane, who are in sympathy or magnetic rapport with incorrect mediums.

Randolph, on page 108, of the same work, above quoted, confirms this, in these words:—"Those ill-meaning ones who live just beyond the threshold, often attain their ends by subtlety, infusing a semi-sense of volitional power into the minds of their intended victims; so that at last they come to believe themselves to be self-acting, when they are, in fact, but the merest shuttlecocks!"

Such language seems to us, to be rather severe to be applied to our independent Seers and others of like ilk; but then it is Cynthia's own words to our friend, when enjoying that high spiritual condition which he calls the *blending*. Now, if these views be substantially correct, where shall we look for that power called clairvoyance, independent of spirit-influence?

Spiritathesis, or the Birth and Development of Spirit.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—Some years ago, when less known to yourself and the world, I sent you the result of a very strange, lucid interview, engaged in between my physical senses and the exquisite thought-realm in the surrounding expanse, and which, occurring in one of my most transparent intervals of inner vision, had so strong an impress upon my mind, that I wrote, as well as memory would permit, but the MS. was lost in sending. Yet, thinking that the ideas may still be of interest, will give you a few, as well as brevity and a disturbed memory will permit.

I had been struggling in my mind to determine that mysterious line of gestated human life, that should give to the germ the living baptismal of immortality—the heritage of a deathless spirit. Suddenly, as quick solutions dawn upon the comprehension, where long studious application fails to satisfy, this came to me.

There is a sea of infinitude, as perpetual-rife with spirit germs as the over-laden atmosphere of a conservatory is of floating atoms. Imperceptible to materiality, save through the magnetic windows of spiritual sense, yet everywhere-present floats this densely laden atmosphere of spirit-zones (once, and once only, clearly perceptible to my clearer sight), corresponding in the spiritual, to the animated and grosser zoospores of material life—like them waiting on the fringe of circumstance to give them materiality through gestation, yet unlike them, never lost, but making their choice in selections; the grosser and the finer grasping at an opportunity to find themselves a magnet of expansion, resembling, in the agitation of this atmospheric cloud ether, of life—seen through interior vision, as rays of sunlight make visible the dust-cloud in our room, before unseen, selects damp spots to fall upon. So these spirit-zones are gathered by the conditions that demand them, and for such nourishment as is afforded for their sustenance. Such quality attracts its own in the spirit-germ that waits upon it. Thus, conception cradles only what it invites, and moulds the material offspring from the first, though educated through gestation as through childhood, the proofs of which lie in experimental history—not only with the human, but in kind, with the lives of the animal kingdom and species.

A pictured Ethiopic face upon the wall has drawn its mirage on the germ, and invited a corresponding sperm at the moment of conception. The cunning management of Jacob won him the best and greater portion of Laban's cattle and herds. Through the same law the twisted saplings at the well caused their reflex in the "ring-streaked and speckled" that were begotten in consequence.

Thus the claim to individual immortality begins thus early its round of never-ending life, with the human germ, and if disturbed before matured sufficiently by gestation, to be sustained by artificial substitutes, it must mature and grow upon, and by, the slower and more painful law and product of absorption, dwelling in the spiritual ether, a germ among the spirit-zones, until sufficiently strengthened, fed and expanded, to be received into the watchful and loving protection of angel hands. These are the primates of spirit existence.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Terre Haute, Ind.

"We Have Returned."

S. S. JONES.—Dear Sir: After a sojourn of six months in the one-horse city of Troy, N. Y., we have returned to the twelve-horse city of Chicago. We made numerous cures of cases called incurable by other physicians; also gave some tests which proved true to the recipients. On our return to Chicago, we had much difficulty in finding a place to put our heads in.

We have taken an office and rooms at No. 182 W. Adams street, cor. of S. Halsted, where we would be pleased to meet all progressive minds, and especially all who may wish to be healed by natural remedies.

On Sunday last, Dr. E. C. Bunson called to visit us. The moment he came into our presence, he felt angelic influences at work upon him. He soon became entranced in spite of himself—and our friend B. S. Caswell, now of the Summer Land, controlled him to give us a fine communication.

We found many persons in the East, who were much pleased with the radically right knowledge your progressive JOURNAL contained. Hoping you and your paper may continue to prosper, we remain,

Fraternally Thine,

DR. THOMAS J. LEWIS,

MRS. LILLIE LEWIS.

Chicago, May 29, 1872

J. L. Potter's Report.

BROTHER JONES.—My report for May must necessarily be very short, on account of sickness. I have given but one lecture, cold and bronchitis having prevented my speaking this month. I have joined the association. Received in dues, \$2.00. The 16th of May, Mr. Henry H. Richards and Miss Cynthia Wait, at the bride's sisters, Mrs. Stapleton, were joined in marriage by your humble servant. My collections for April was \$31.15, instead of \$13.15, as published. I shall be ready for work in June, or at least I hope to be, and will get around as fast as I can.

Respectfully, J. L. POTTER.

Aurora, Minn., May 24, 1872.

SPIRITUALISM OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

With Remarks on the Rise and Progress of Modern Spiritualism; also Some Experiences of the Writer.

(From the Medium and Daybreak, [Eng.])

It is necessary to notice another theory relating to the "double," since it has been so publicly advocated; namely, that the emanations from our bodies, when we sit in a circle, organize themselves into a being something like ourselves; that this second self is the producer of the various manifestations which take place; and all circumstances known to persons composing the circle can be revealed by this newly-created entity. How can this theory stand the test of reason, seeing that the circle may consist of persons of many years' experience, while this newly-created phantom has not existed five minutes, yet its education is equal to that of the entire circle? We think this just as reasonable as to suppose that the worn-out emanations from the body of an elephant can transform themselves into another animal of the same species.

Before taking leave of Mr. Tiffin's circle, we must not forget that it was there that we heard for the first time the French word *seance* applied to the little gatherings of Spiritualists. This caused us some regret, as we prefer the old English expression of "holding a circle;" for it carries us back into ages almost forgotten—even to the time of the Druids, who built their temples in a circle, and many of whose practices would be considered very horrible in our day; but we must bear in mind that according to the state of the people so was their religion.

The following is a spirit's description of the Druidical temples, and the sacrificial rights performed therein:—"The temples consisted of three circles—the center for the priests and the mediums (no other persons being allowed to enter therein); the next was for the initiated, and the outside circle for the multitude. The priests consulted with the gods, and performed sacrifice for the sins of the people. The most virtuous, devout, and beautiful young woman found amongst them was chosen for a burnt offering. She was first taken to a large stone at a distance from the outside of the temple, and there slain in sight of the multitude; the blood, which ran down a little channel cut in the stone, being caught in the diviners' cups. The body of the victim was then carried to the altar of the temple in order to be consumed by fire, the liver being reserved for the use of the seers. Sometimes a spirit would possess the body before it was cold, and make revelations; at other times one would appear in the smoke rising from the altar as the body was being consumed. If nothing occurred, the seers looked into the blood in the divining cups; if no sign appeared therein, they then examined the liver; and if that also proved a failure, it was alleged that the gods would not make any revelations, on account of the wickedness of the people."

We will now notice a few of the most prominent circles we have visited. Amongst others, we were invited to the Charing Cross circle (held in Villiers Street, Strand), Feb. 10, 1872. The principal promoters of this circle were Mr. John Jones, author of "The Natural and Supernatural," and Mr. Biefeld. This circle was well conducted, and persons of high positions sometimes attended it. An attempt was made to time the spirits. The first twenty minutes were allotted to conversation and the reports of experiences since the last meeting; the next twenty minutes were devoted to table-tippings, rappings, etc.; the next twenty to writing and drawing, and the remainder of the evening to trance and impressionable speaking. It was found, however, that this arrangement could not be carried out. At this circle we first met Miss Bailey, whom we believe to have been the finest of all the English physical mediums in our day. Spirit-lights and spirit-hands appeared when this young lady was present, and various articles would be carried from one place to another.

We have seen her hold an accordion in one hand without touching the keys, when it would produce sweet music—and this in the light. It was unnecessary, in her company, to place the hands upon the table, for it would move freely without contact. On the occasion of this lady's visits to our house, we have seen the table and contents, weighing a hundred and thirty pounds, rise bodily from the floor and answer our questions, no person being near enough to touch it, loud rapping going on the whole time, so that one person could commune by the means of the raps, whilst another could get questions answered by the movements. The treatment this young lady received was a disgrace to civilization. The Press called her a witch; her lover forsok her; she was hooted in the streets; the scoffs and yells of the mob were most alarming. We venture to say that if she had come amongst us from America instead of Greenwich, she would have been caressed and much sought after.

While sitting in a circle one fine afternoon, with her father, we saw a face reflected by the polished surface of the table, and on describing it Mr. Bailey said it was his mother, and asked if she had any message for his daughter, whereupon the following was spelt out by the alphabet:—"Tell her she will soon have a better suit than the one who has forsaken her, and that she will be married and have one child, a daughter, who will inherit her mother's gifts, which have descended to her from her father and grandfather." The grandfather, when living, was a Cornish charmer. The young lady was soon after married, and had one daughter, who showed mediumistic gifts before she was six years of age.

The first dark circle we attended was held at Villiers Street, Charing Cross, which was well conducted. All persons joined hands; every stranger present was placed between two friends, so as to prevent any possibility of trickery or suspicion, for the mediums have a character to maintain. But nothing more was obtained in the dark than in the light. The present method of holding dark circles we first saw at Mr. Jones's, Rahere Street. One or two persons were placed at a table apart from the company; all excepting those at the table were supposed to hold hands; strange things occurred, and great dissatisfaction arose among the friends that attended. At another circle several miles distant we heard prayers offered to God to put down the blasphemy practiced at the other circle. This incautious system of conducting dark circles soon became common in London, and has been pursued up to the present time, with the effect of encouraging deception, and introducing all kinds of influences, which have produced great mischief, and brought eternal ruin upon private families. We fear the present rage for dark circles will not abate until the ladies find a snake round their necks, and their apartments full of obnoxious vermin.

On October 13, 1850, during an eclipse of the moon, we formed first circle at Eastbourne. The experiments were confined to tippings and rappings. In December of the same year we held a circle at Teddington, which passed off in the usual manner; but seven years after, a friend being on a visit to the family where this circle was held, and the conversation turning upon Spiritualism and former experiences, it was proposed to try experiments, and see if manifestations could be obtained with-

out any known medium. Soon wonderful things occurred, and four of the company proved to be mediums, thus showing that we must not in all cases expect immediate results.

LUMINOUS SPIRIT-FORMS.

It would appear that we are about to experience a somewhat remarkable and particularly satisfactory phase of spiritual manifestations, viz.: that of appealing to our senses of sight, feeling, and hearing. This evidence is now being obtained through the mediumship of Messrs. Herne and Williams as professional mediums, Miss Florrie Cook as a private medium, and others. On Saturday evening last, the 4th inst., I attended a seance at Messrs. Herne and Williams's chambers, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., and was pleased to see a large party of persons present, amongst whom I met many friends. After the first sitting was over, during which John and Katey King had conversed with the sitters in their usual satisfactory manner, it was agreed to devote the second sitting for obtaining the spirit-faces, as reported in our columns by Mr. Henry Clifford Smith in our issue of the 26th ult. The gas having been turned off, and the folding doors closed, all hands were joined, and phosphorescent lights immediately were observed darting in a most erratic manner about the room, and John King was soon as busy as possible in various parts of the room, touching and conversing with different persons. In a short time two lights approached where I was seated, with Mr. W. H. Harrison and Mr. H. Clifford Smith next to me, when we observed that the lights were attached to the fingers of two hands, and by a peculiar movement of the fingers a stream or flame of light was obtained sufficient to illuminate a face slightly behind and between the two hands. I carefully observed the face, it being particularly pleasant to gaze upon. It repeatedly came within a few inches of my own face, and then floated towards Mr. Harrison and Mr. Smith, the latter gentleman evidently recognizing the features on the lights being unusually bright. The spirit at my request moved her hands in such a manner as to permit of my clearly discerning her features, and I noticed the bright though somewhat fixed appearance of the eyes, as well as the shape of her nose, mouth, and chin. Moreover, we had the unmistakable gratification of hearing her speak words of loving entreaty, and at the same time I heard the two mediums in conversation. The spirit appeared able to retain the luminosity on her fingers for about thirty to thirty-five seconds, when it gradually subsided, and a fresh supply apparently had to be obtained by a process of rapid motion about the room over the heads of the mediums and sitters. The spirits finally wished us all good-night, and invoked the blessing of God upon us, to which a hearty Amen was responded. John King spoke of the efforts of his Katey in a tone which showed how fully he appreciated her success in making herself seen, as well as the success of the spirit Alice, recognized by Mr. Smith. I feel sure that such evidence of spirit existence and intercourse with us while on earth must tend to make us feel grateful to God for granting us such blessings, and having received such evidence, it should be our duty to make the most of it for the advancement of our fellow-creatures.

The Indiana State Convention.

A goodly attendance convened last week at the Indiana State Convention of Spiritualists, held at Anderson, although its representative numbers from the several localities could not be said to speak favorably of the life and interest in the State at large, but rather hints at the "universal deadness" which seems to have become a settled spiritual malady pretty generally throughout the country. Stagnation or contentment, the element of dissolution and division, seems to become the inevitable, soon or late, with our cause, as well as every other sudden and rapid outgrowth in nature.

The friends in Anderson are so fortunate as to possess a neat commodious hall—subject to their control—owned by Dr. Westerfield, and where the Convention was held. Everybody seemed to vie with each other in rendering hospitality to the pilgrims, and even the fellowship of our church brethren was extended, by gratuitous and cordial entertainment in their houses, and by their ever watchful attention to wants and pleasures, they placed us under lasting gratitude.

Good feeling and general harmony prevailed throughout, though the usual differences upon points of discussion, were ample enough to spice and keep alive the interest in the Sessions.

Business in relation to the Barnes' Will came up for action. The will was read; the situation explained, and a plan suggested to raise a fund sufficient to carry the case through the courts. Over \$100 was raised in the house. Success in this case gives a half million of dollars to the homeless children, destitute of means upon which to subsist, and to acquire an education, under the supervision of the Spiritualists of Indiana; an object worthy of some contest to acquire, and one that every Spiritualist in the world should feel an interest in aiding to secure, a fuller account of which you will receive soon, no doubt.

Nothing could give greater influence and tone to the character and purposes of the State Association than the fact that as its leading features, the chair of its Presidency is so honorably and ably filled by the man who holds already in the hearts of all States and all Nations, an honored place; respected for the superior manhood that finds him crowned in life's latest decades with the rarest virtues time accords; an unswerving fidelity to goodness and truth, and an almost unequalled justice to his fellows; that amiable patriarch of many experiences, whose "Footfalls on the boundaries of another world," have led us up to the more beautiful heights of the "Debatable Land;" yet, while we stand in wonder upon the pinnacles upon which he leaves us, he will blossom out into new glory in the volume yet to come—angels deal gently with him—may humanity appreciate our President—Robert Dale Owen.

The friends in the west will, doubtless, be delighted to know that our eloquent and earnest co-laborer, Leo Miller, is again in the western harness, and if possible, with greater strength of argument, and magnetic power to claim an audience, than ever before. His noble and earnest appeal in behalf of the enfranchisement of woman on this occasion, will never be forgotten. He goes to Richmond, Ind., where he expects to remain most of the summer.

Lois Waisbrooker sat among her books, like maturity among the children of her experiences—distributing them here and there according to the fancy of the purchaser. No woman of the age wields a more facile pen, or one that touches closer the human heart, than does Lois; the prestige of which doubtless lies in her having had so much more feeling than the average writers, and consequently puts feelings into her volumes. May she long continue to touch our hearts and enrich our libraries with the pen-histories we can ill afford to do without. We can never realize what we would miss without her books, until we read them.

Fresh from a season of weeks in the South, Dean Clark made his appearance, ready for

work in a more congenial clime, speaking as he writes, logical and incisive; he whittles his points down sharp, regardless of flying splinters. He shows a ready and willing hand at the plow, and should be kept at work, turning the sods of bigotry and prejudice.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart left his missionary flocks in Southern Michigan, and Northern Indiana, to exchange words of greeting, and salute the Spiritual brethren, with the power of words from his walls of Zion; thus, one by one, the pulpits of old Theology are coming up to the standard of reason, and gaining us numbers in the work of dispensing a better manna.

It is really refreshing to listen to the cheery vivacity of our young and ardent "Local" of the *Banner of Light*—Cephas B. Lyman, a brilliant light among Convention-goers, whenever he puts in an appearance. Full of sparkle and wit, he is a special favorite everywhere, and withal the most persistent advertiser of Spiritual papers and books, without odious distinctions of "patron sheets," *our paper*, etc., that I have ever known. In calling attention to the *Banner*, he never failed to remember the *JOURNAL*. Brother Cephas, with his many pleasantness, helped to dispel the tedium of more common-place and business occasions, and give spirit to the work throughout the Convention.

Mrs. Colby poured forth the volume of her voice in denunciation of error. She is well and widely known as one of Indiana's first workers, and is catalogued among the list of trance speakers. She is, as ever, ready and faithful in her public work; though possessed of many domestic cares and duties, they do not debar her from much active public service. I think, and wonder when I look upon some of these women, whose lives are so overlaid with their own burdens of life, yet, bearing gracefully the public yoke, if some of our stronger men would not get disheartened and break down, completely demoralized, under the weight of pressing responsibilities, they so patiently and persistently "trudge along" under the weary end! Yet, we are still under reminders that we are of the "weaker vessels," which ought by this, to have proven itself a false notion, since to be of the softer sex, is only proof of greater elasticity—a self fortification against breakage.

Among the weaker ones, and lesser lights—"yours truly," participated in the rostrum work of the occasion, and noticable among the pleasant faces, was that of our little test medium, Maggie Morgan, well known throughout the country round about that Jordan.

Closing Sunday night, our three days' Convention adjourned with regretful adieus, each one to take up the trail of March to our different points of destination; myself, to Springfield, Ohio, where, having an engagement with a young, though flourishing Society, for June, July and August, you may hear from me again, as occasion serves. ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Alton, Illinois

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—In the *JOURNAL* of June 1st, on the first page, is an account of a "wonderful medium," living at Palmyra, Mo. You express a wish to hear from those who are moved to devise some plan to further the request of our spirit-friends concerning him. It has occurred to me, that the following will be an eligible way to assist H. A. Streight, now living in poor circumstances, and in the midst of inharmonious surroundings:

Money is the thing immediately wanted; without that, nothing can be done, and our good spirit-friends know it. I propose that one thousand dollars be raised by subscriptions of one, two, three, four or five dollars, or any amount that any one can spare; and let it be understood, that for their contributions, the subscribers shall, at some future time, when circumstances will enable Mr. Streight to work successfully, receive a production equal to their investment.

I take the liberty of at once making you Treasurer and Manager, of this good and sublime work, feeling that you will not wish to be exempt, although your hands are full already.

Inclosed is a post-office order for two dollars, and if I never get any return for it, no matter.

It would be a good plan to get Mr. Streight to Chicago in the event of the above, or something like it being done.

Yours, most truly,

BENJAMIN TEASDALE.

June 6th, 1872.

REMARKS: Brother Streight authorizes us to say that any one who will advance him *twenty-five dollars* now to help him move his family to Chicago, and get fitted up in this city, shall receive for the same a landscape painting of a scene in the Rocky Mountains, every way equal, and probably much superior to those sold by good artists for one hundred dollars.

We will guarantee that all such obligations shall be promptly fulfilled by Brother Streight, without any unnecessary delay. And he will furnish larger and more expensive paintings in the same ratio, for all orders he may receive with advance pay, within the next thirty days.

We will cheerfully answer any letters of inquiry addressed to us upon the subject. We have no hesitation in saying that Brother Streight's paintings excel any we have ever seen, and yet, because he is a *Spirit Artist*, he has been allowed to remain in seclusion and poverty! It is a disgrace to us all to longer allow it. Who will respond? Let us hear from you, brothers and sisters. The angel-world is in earnest. Let us be so.

Brooklyn, New York.

BROTHER S. S. JONES—Dear Sir:—I have had the pleasure of reading the *JOURNAL* for a number of years, and I do not know that I ever read a better number than the last one, for it, to my mind, is full of good things. Indeed, they all are, but I did not sit down to flatter you, or praise your paper, but to see if I could not assist, in a small way, perhaps, in carrying out the plans of that band of spirits led by Wash Alliston.

If your paper is read by about 25,000 readers, 20 cents apiece would give \$5,000, and it seems to me, there is hardly one but who would be able to give that amount, and this would straighten Brother Streight, right out, so that he could go on his way rejoicing, and Spiritualism be a gain by it. For in the demonstration of the spirits through him, many may be made wise unto salvation, and a very few would be the poorer for the 20 cents, which is about the price of two papers of tobacco, or one glass of poor spirits. I did not intend to bore you, but to try and add my mite, and help to roll on the car of progress. Enclosed you will please find two dollars, to be applied for this object, as you may determine, for I am persuaded that you will succeed. If I might be allowed to make a suggestion, would it not be a good idea to give this landscape drawing to some artist, to make a chromo of it, at so much per copy, for the benefit of the medium.

Respectfully yours,

BENJAMIN F. FRENCH.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 2d, 1872.

A good suggestion, but allow us to say that Brother Streight asks for present use, a few hundred dollars in ready means, for which he will return value received; such will enable him to move to Chicago, fix up a comfortable little home, and establish a studio. Any donations to that end, great or small, will be duly appreciated. But above all, orders for paintings, accompanied with more or less money, as agreeable, will be promptly responded to. Those desiring to do so, are at liberty to address us on the subject, and we will guarantee that Brother Streight is a man of strict integrity.

Homer, Michigan.

BRO. JONES.—I have delayed sending you your dues until now, on account of sickness and inability to do so just at the proper time; but I am a full-blooded Spiritualist, and intend to wrong no man intentionally, and especially such a man as yourself, who has passed through such a fiery ordeal as you have, holding out the flag of truth to the ignorant and bigoted benighted souls of humanity. I have taken the *JOURNAL* from its first issue, and shall continue to take it as long as I live. I am now nearly 71 years old. There is one number that has not come to me—the last one published in the month of December, 1871. I wish you would send me that number, if you can find one, as it will complete my file of the "Search after God."

A. B. BARTLET.

May 25, 1872.

Thank you, Brother. I assure you the money comes very timely, and if a few thousands who are owing for the *JOURNAL* will pay without further delay, they will oblige us very much. It certainly will not require so much of an effort for them severally to raise the few dollars to pay what is over-due us, as it will for us to raise as many thousands to meet liabilities, occasioned by the great Chicago fire. We emphatically say to those who owe for the *JOURNAL*, that it is unjust to longer delay making payment.

The Wheaton Convention.

Friday Night, May 17th, 1872.—Meeting called to order at 8 o'clock, P. M. There being only sixty persons present—cause a very stormy afternoon and evening—Bro. E. V. Wilson interested us with intellectual food for an hour, and then the meeting adjourned till 10 o'clock, A. M., next day.

The following resolutions were adopted: That all present. Opposition was sprung upon us by an ex-Methodist minister, by the name of, as we understand, Isley, in a charge preferred against Bro. Wilson, in that he had garbled the reading of the Scriptures. This charge was handsomely met by Bro. Wilson, in a manner that commanded the respect and approval of all who heard him.

At the conclusion, an invitation was extended to Mr. I., and all others, to come and take part in our councils.

Saturday, May 18th.—Meeting called to order at 10:45, A. M., a small but intellectual audience present.

Dr. Kayner gave an excellent review of his life and experience from boyhood to the present time, relating some very interesting accounts of what he had seen and heard.

At the conclusion of this speech, Bro. E. V. Wilson called the attention of the Convention to the legitimate object of the meeting, and the call that had brought us together, pointing out the necessity for unity and concert of action, and then moved that we adjourn till 3 o'clock, P. M., and that after the conference, we proceed to organize, and present ourselves before the people as a fact—A Spiritual organization.

The motion being seconded by Bro. Austin, of Kane county, was sustained by the audience, and an adjournment till 2 o'clock, P. M., effected.

At 2 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by E. V. Wilson, who again briefly stated the object of the call, the President, and then moved that we adjourn till 3 o'clock, P. M., and that after the conference, we proceed to organize, and present ourselves before the people as a fact—A Spiritual organization.

The following officers were then elected: Dr. D. P. Kayner, of St. Charles, Kane Co., President; Mrs. A. C. Smith, of Aurora, and Milo Porter, of Lombard, Vice-Presidents; and E. V. Wilson, of Wheaton, Secretary.

On motion of E. V. Wilson, and seconded by Bro. Austin, of Dundee, it was agreed that we should go to the world under the name of, "The Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists."

It was then moved, and seconded by Bro. Austin, that a call be made upon the audience for the names of such as were willing to give in their names as Spiritualists and Free Thinkers.

The motion was then given to the audience, and carried.

It was then moved and adopted, that the President be authorized to appoint a committee of five, to draft a Preamble and Resolutions, which we are willing to send forth to the world. After considerable consideration, the President appointed E. V. Wilson, Mrs. N. K. Thatcher, P. Bronson, A. B. Smith, and Milo Porter as such committee, requesting them to report to the Convention on Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

It was then moved, and seconded, that we adjourn into a conference meeting of free speech on a free platform for one hour.

For over one hour we had a feast of reason, many Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, and others taking part, each speaking to the best of his or her ability, and in unknown tongues, prophecy, revelation, and discerning of spirits, each speaking in order. Truly we had a good time.

On motion of President Kayner, it was resolved that all business matters be suspended for the day, and taken up at the morning session.

The conference then adjourned until 6:30, P. M., the time up to 8 o'clock, to be occupied in conference meeting, and a lecture from Dr. Kayner and E. V. Wilson.

The morning session was well attended, and much interest manifested, there being many of our Orthodox brothers and sisters present.

Dr. Kayner's speech on "Man, and His Relations to God and Nature," was eminently calculated to instruct and interest the people, commanding their careful attention.

Dr. Kayner was followed by E. V. Wilson, who, in a brief and terse manner, called the attention of the audience to the subject of the day, and urged action, for there was no time for wrangling and bickering; that the enemy was upon us. On every hand he heard the notes of preparation for war, and war to the knife, and to the hilt of the knife, and while thus talking, Bro. Howland asked permission for one as a Spiritualist to speak. This was at once granted. Then came forward the man Isley (as we understand his name), who attacked Bro. Wilson last evening, who said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Last night, by permission of the Convention, I came to this audience to read the Bible, and declared myself a firm believer in the Orthodox view and interpretation thereof; also repudiated Mr. Wilson's garbled version, or reading thereof. You then extended an invitation to me and all other candid and honest-minded men to come forward and defend ourselves.

"To-night I came here on purpose to correct the false and garbled statement made to you last night—hence I answer this evening with the Bible in my hand, and ask you to listen to me while I read the Scriptures correctly."

"The first exposure I shall make of this man's false and garbled reading of the Bible, will be to correct his reading and application of the Parable of the Unjust Steward."

Wilson.—Will you proceed to the correction you intend to make, or will you put it off till to-morrow?

Isley.—That is the point I am coming at. I cannot be a non-resistor, as I have other matters more important to attend to.

Wilson.—Why did you not come to-day, or early this evening? Why put off this attack to this late hour of the night, and why do I see you and many others, who have been here all day, on this day, on this evening?

Isley.—For the reasons before said; and I will now proceed to the exposure and correction.

Wilson.—I will read you the 8th verse of the Parable, 16th chapter of St. Luke. "And he said to the steward, 'You are a wicked man, because he had done wisely; for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'"

Isley.—Well, did I not read it as you have?

Wilson.—Yes; but you misinterpreted its meaning.

Isley.—In what?

Wilson.—In that you said that Jesus taught that the world's people were wiser than the children of light, and that Jesus said, 'I shall show you your own hearts, and the hearts of the world, as they are, and now I do not wish to be interrupted until I am through. You will please observe. And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'"

Now, my friends, what Jesus meant by this Parable is this: "You are to make friends with influential people

—not rascals or dishonest men." This is my first charge. I will now proceed to make my second one.

Wilson.—Why do you not read all I read? Why read one or two verses, and then make a charge?

Isley.—I read what suits my convenience for the occasion, and enough to show the people your false position.

Wilson.—But hold on, my friend, one charge at a time, comes up—not wait for you to make charges, and then see you and your friends get up and walk out of the hall."

Isley.—No, no, that will not do! But I insist on making all my charges, and for their consideration.

Wilson.—And I insist on my right to try each separate charge, if they are preferred. I now appeal to the Chair for a decision in this matter.

Vice-President Porter, sitting in the chair, decided that each charge should be tried at the time preferred, and one at a time.

Thank you, sir. Ladies and Gentlemen: Last night, at the conclusion of some remark I had made on John's Apocalyptic Reading of the 1st chapter, and charged me with misrepresenting the Scriptures, and after considerable discussion, I asked him if I should not strictly the injunctions of Jesus. He evasively replied: "We must read Jesus as he means, not as it is written."

I then turned to the Parable of the Unjust Steward, reading the whole Parable from beginning to end, 12 verses, laying great stress on the 8th and 9th verses, asking, "Shall I do as here directed?" and which he did not advise me to do. This he called a garbling of the Scriptures; but I shall now proceed to read the Parable in full, giving it its generic meaning.

In the first verse, a charge preferred against the steward, of having wasted his master's goods. In the second verse, I find his master, rashly and unreasonably, calling the steward to account, and dismissing him. In the third verse, I find the steward in a soliloquy, complaining to himself, as he here directed, "I have wronged my master, but I have done him no harm; and he comes to the conclusion that he is ruined; hence he says: 'I am resolved what to do.'"

In the fourth verse, the steward shows his hand freely. In the fifth verse, he proves himself a rascal. In the sixth verse, he continues his rascality; also in the seventh.

In the eighth verse, I find the lord commending this rascal, now that he is proved a scoundrel in that he swindled his master, and the ideas of this world—such as this defaulting steward—are wiser than the children of light, thereby teaching his disciples to have no confidence whatever in the Pharisees or professors of religion of that age; and in the ninth verse, I find Jesus commending his disciples to do as this rascal did, and to mend his disciples to do as he refused to do so.

I have carefully examined the meaning of every verse in this Parable, and every word in its grammatical construction, and under the clear teaching of Jesus and his disciples, and under the clear teaching of the law, Jesus tells his disciples your true friends in your hour of need, and greatest extremity are such men as this steward and his unprincipled master, for they are wiser in their generation than the children of light.

This man now says this does not mean what it reads, but something else; and now I challenge this man to deny that I read this Parable last night as I have read it to-night, and yet this man, a representative member of our popular churches, comes forward and charges me with garbling the Scriptures, and then reads them as I read them.

Now, sir, let us hear your second charge.

This was given, and more fully met and replied to by Bro. Wilson than the former.

Meeting adjourned at 2:45, P. M.

Sunday morning, May 19th, The Convention came to order at 10 o'clock, A. M., Doctor Kayner in the chair. After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, the Chair called for the Report of the Committee on Resolutions. Bro. E. V. Wilson presented the Convention the following Preamble and series of resolutions, to be adopted.

PREAMBLE.—First. We the undersigned Spiritualists and Free Thinkers of Northern Illinois, assembled in convention at Wheaton, DuPage county, ask our brethren and sisters to unite with us in carrying out the eternal truths of freedom and liberty of thought, bequeathed to us by our fathers, and by them found in the New World.

Second. Seeing to-day the creedal elements in our belief, and the country uniting for a common purpose; to wit, the enslavement of the people to the ideas of this world—God, and the imposing upon us an Amendment to our constitutional form of government, known as the 16th Amendment, incorporating God and His Christ, thus creating a large and powerful party before and at the shrine of that creed, violating the rights of conscience in its worship of the Father God and Mother Nature;

Third. Therefore, we will unite in our effort to stay, or turn back the wave of theological despotism now rolling in upon us.

Therefore, be it Resolved:

1. This Convention shall hereafter be known as "The Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists and Free Thinkers," whose officers shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, and officers constituting an Executive Board of Management, to be elected annually by a majority vote of the Conference.

2. That we meet at least quarterly, at such places as may hereafter be determined upon, and that a majority of the Executive Board of Management may have the power to call a convention of the Conference, at any place and place, and their judgment may be required for the good of the cause, giving thirty days' notice of the call through the spiritual press, liberal, and county papers.

3. That our platform be *a free one*, and shall remain so, on which all subjects calculated to benefit the human family may be discussed under parliamentary rules.

4. That we recognize no rights of caste, color, or sex, but humanity, on our platform, on which all may meet, in the holy sphere of the Godhood of mankind, in the right to progress here and hereafter; and yet we grant no license to do wrong, or countenance the evil-doer.

5. This Conference will not countenance or sanction intolerance, just theological exclusivism or interference with the right of individual conscience.

6. That we will oppose religious interference in or with the political affairs of our country, or the rights of churches, whether it comes from our common foe, the State, or spiritual or political exclusivism.

7. We will recognize no priest-hood, or arbitrary interference of state or national organization, or the taxing of individuals for creedal purposes; but that each State, or national organization shall meet the expenses incurred (of meetings and publications) in such manner as to them may seem wise and good.

8. We will not recognize any God who promises to capture and bind his and our common foe, the Devil, and hereafter, shall be our watchword for time and

every | and for actively promoting their views among
the faithful of that Church.—*Investigator*.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Addresses Delivered by Henry T. Child, M.D., and Others, on the Twenty-Fourth Anniversary Celebration in Philadelphia, March 31st, 1872.

The history of the past is fraught with profound lessons, but that of the present is still more interesting and important, because the real cream of history, the soul-experiences, the living ideals which feed us from day to day, escape the pen of the historian, and are only recorded in the great book of life.

We meet this afternoon in commemoration of events which occurred twenty-four years ago to-night. With your permission I will read a few extracts from Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. "On the 11th of December, 1847, Mr. John D. Fox, Margaret, his wife, and their two children, Margaret, aged twelve years, and Kate, nine, moved into a wooden dwelling in a small town named Hydesville, in Wayne county, New York.

"Soon after they had taken up their residence, they began to think it was a very noisy house; but this was attributed to rats and mice. During January, 1848, the noises assumed the character of slight knockings heard at night in the bed room. These gradually became more distinct and were heard in various parts of the house. These disturbances increased, and towards the close of March, they seriously broke the rest of the family. Mr. Fox and his wife got up night after night, lit a candle, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner of the house. They discovered nothing. Not being given to superstition, they clung, throughout several weeks of annoyance, to the idea that some natural explanation of these seeming accidents would at last appear.

"Wearied out by a succession of sleepless nights and fruitless attempts to penetrate the mystery, the Fox family retired very early to rest on Friday, the 31st of March, 1848, hoping for respite from the disturbances that had harassed them. But they were doomed to disappointment. The parents had had the children's beds removed into their bed room, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of noises even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely to bed, and was retiring herself, when the children cried out, 'There they are again!' The mother chided them and lay down. Thereupon the noises became louder and more startling. The children sat up in bed. Mrs. Fox called in her husband. The night being windy it suggested itself to him that it might be the rattling of the sashes. He tried several—shaking them, to see if they were loose. Kate, the youngest girl, happened to observe, that as often as her father shook a window-sash the noises seemed to reply. Being a lively child, and accustomed to what was going on, she turned to where the noise was, snapped her fingers and called out, 'Here old split-foot, do as I do!' The knocking instantly responded.

"That was the very commencement. Who can tell where the end will be.

"She tried, by silently bringing together her thumb and forefinger, whether she could still obtain a response. Yes! It could see then, as well as hear! She called her mother. 'Only look, mother,' she said, bringing together her finger and thumb as before, and as often as she repeated the noiseless motion, just so often responded the raps. This at once arrested the mother's attention. 'Count ten,' she said, addressing the noise. Ten strokes distinctly given! 'How old is my daughter Margaret?' Twelve strokes! 'And Kate?' Nine! 'What can all this mean?' was Mrs. Fox's thought. 'Who was answering her?' Was it only some mysterious echo of her own thought? But the next question which she put seemed to refute that idea. 'How many children have I?' she asked aloud. Seven strokes. 'Ah!' she thought, 'it can blunder sometimes.' And then, aloud, 'Try again!' Still the number of raps were seven. Of a sudden a thought crossed Mrs. Fox's mind. 'Are they all alive?' she asked. Silence, for answer. 'How many are living?' Six strokes. 'How many dead?' A single stroke. She had lost a child.

"Then she asked, 'Are you a man?' No answer. 'Are you a spirit?' It rapped. 'May my neighbors hear if I call them?' It rapped again. Thereupon a neighbor, Mrs. Redfield was called, and came in laughing, but her cheer was soon changed. The answers to her inquiries were as prompt and pertinent as they had been to those of Mrs. Fox. She was struck with awe; and when in reply to a question about the number of her children, by rapping four instead of three as she expected, it reminded her of a little daughter Mary whom she had recently lost, the mother burst into tears.

"Time will not permit me to read further. I must refer you to Mr. Owen's book and others in which minute details of these phenomena are to be found. We know that similar phenomena have existed in all ages and among all peoples, but never before did mankind realize to any great extent the intelligence which accompanies these. The phenomena in themselves have but little real interest, may perhaps only excite our curiosity, but when we realize the fact that behind these there is an intelligence which clearly proves that those who have passed from our mortal vision, are not gone forever, as was thus early shown to these two mothers that the darling ones who had gone out from the firesides, were not to be counted out, that they still live and love us, and are ours as really there as here.

Starting out from this point like the ripple upon the surface of a smooth lake into which a pebble has been thrown, these manifestations spread over this continent and the entire world.

I propose to present to you a brief history of Spiritualism in this city. In 1847, that most wonderful book, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, given through the organism of Andrew Jackson Davis, then but a boy, startled the thinking world.

In the winter of 1848 and '49, some liberal-minded persons, several of whom I see before me now, rented Keim's Hall on Fourth street above Vine, and met, three evenings in a week, for the purpose of reading the book referred to above, their plan was to read one hour and then discuss the matter presented.

On the 9th of October, 1850, the first circle was formed in this city. They met at a private house, about one dozen persons and continued their sittings twice a week for four months without receiving any manifestation. On the 10th day of February, 1851, the first raps were heard at this circle, and from that time the communications have continued.

On the 15th of February, five days after the rappings commenced at the circle, I heard them in a private house in the presence of Mary Ann Wiggins, a young lady who was

very ill with consumption, and who had been under my care magnetically. She was an excellent clairvoyant, and had described spirits to me frequently, but I had no realizing sense of their presence. The family had heard raps about Mary Ann's bed, and she told me that my brother John had said he would rap for me, and had fixed the afternoon, of the 15th of February, 1851, as the time. I sat about fifteen minutes in silence, and then remarked that I could not wait longer. As I rose to leave the room three loud and distinct raps were heard upon the wall by the side of the bed. In a few days this means of communication was well established, and I received messages from numerous spirits, often detailing minute facts which we did not know at the time, but which were afterwards confirmed. We had circles at our house during that summer, but were obliged to close them on account of the crowds who flocked in.

In April, 1852, the Harmonial Benevolent Society was formed, with a view of pursuing our investigations in regard to Spiritualism, and at the same time assisting the poor.

On the 9th of June, 1852, we rented Franklin Hall on Sixth below Arch street, for public meetings. These were continued about one year, at which time the society rented Concert Hall. Having advertised our meeting there for Sunday morning we were surprised and mortified to find that the proprietor had locked the door and put a notice up that there would be no meeting. Soon after this we rented Samson Street Hall. There we held meetings for twelve years—from 1854 to 1866—and were then notified that the building would be needed for other purposes. During those years we had lectures by some of the ablest men and women of the age, and thousands of interested hearers listened to the truths of our philosophy and religion.

We had meetings in Washington Hall, from September, 1866, to July, 1868; in Concert Hall, from September, 1868, to September, 1869. From this place we removed to Stockton's Church, corner of Eleventh and Wood streets, and held meetings there from September, 1869, to June, 1871.

During the past season we have had our lectures in Institute Hall, north-east corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets, and have had a course of lectures equal to any we have ever had. My health will not permit me to speak on this subject any further, and I am glad there are others here who will do this for us better than I can.

ADDRESS OF ISAAC REHN.

You have listened to the historical sketch of Spiritualism. There are other aspects in which this subject may be viewed. One is its tendency in moulding not only the religious, but the scientific, social and political sentiments of mankind.

I think we may safely say that no other movement has ever been started that has done so much toward modifying the opinions of mankind as the spiritual movement. This has come in part from its popular manner of presenting the truth.

While we have thus done a good work in the way of propagandism, there is another method by which this has been done, and that is the form in which these manifestations have occurred in different families all over the world. These mould and shape opinions in private circles. The result of the manifestations from these, scattered all the world, has, in my judgment, had more influence in moulding public opinion than any systematic efforts that we can make. We can not get the ear of the Catholics or any other of the religious sects, but if the manifestations occur in their families, they will seek an explanation, and the seed thus sown will spread and grow. A very brief survey of the shape which public opinion is taking will convince us of the powerful influence which liberal sentiments are producing upon the public mind. In this country we have a more rational system of faith. It has spread throughout Europe, it has infused itself into history, and we can find it through all the periods of the past, all through the records of the past the grand and beautiful sentiments which we are inculcating have been, at times, presented in these. We have as a general thing no simple doctrine that is new. They are becoming consolidated, in contradistinction to the conservative elements, and we notice this fact by the efforts which are made by our opponents. We find that their organizations are tending everywhere to consolidations. This means a reaction against the liberal movement of the age, and first and foremost does it mean a reaction against the spiritual movement of the present day. They know they can not meet us in a fair field, hence they rely upon authority.

Those who look at the condition of the world will see that mankind is divided into two classes, on the one hand those who maintain the doctrine of authority, and on the other, those who maintain the rights of private judgment. They who are not for are against us; those who believe on either of these stand by themselves. These facts are exemplified in all those movements which are now looking toward the recognition of God in the Constitution. Their efforts all point exactly to one end—the establishment of authority over individual judgment. On the other hand we stand before the world the avowed and expressed advocates of the right of private judgment, which is the elder doctrine of Protestantism.

Martin Luther rebelled against some of the doctrines of the church. He was a Catholic in all other respects. He simply claimed the right to read the Scriptures, and protested against the sale of indulgences. He never had a conception of what would be the ultimate result of these steps. He did not see that that doctrine would override all authority. I look upon the Spiritual movement as the head and front of this Rationalism to-day, its true exponent. It lies simply as I have said, between these two doctrines—that of authority and of private judgment.

What has Spiritualism done to promote this? It is the head and front of that liberal movement which, in the course of the ages, will embrace within its limits all who deny the doctrine of authority.

Every man or woman who feels that the individual soul is above all else, whether they be infidel, liberalist or free-religionist, will be embraced within its comprehensive limits. You and I may not live to see the day when this issue shall be met. There is no middle ground—not a single spot on which you can stand between these.

The solution of this question is one which the coming age has got to meet. In this enlightened country where reason reigns to a larger extent than in any other nation, I think, it may be settled peaceably. In Mexico and in many parts of Europe it will not be likely to be solved by peaceable means.

When we see what has been effected by liberal sentiments in our country, we discover that in proportion as we are released from authority in the church, we are beginning to see that we are also free in the government. What right has a majority to oppress a minority? The resolution of the theological question is the resolution of the political question also. The ultimate object of the Internationalists is to bind mankind into one family. The Spiritual movement is liberal from its inception to its triumph. Every rap that comes upon our table breathes the sentiment of liberty; it throws us back upon our individual judgment. I look

upon the Spiritual movement as the most powerful lever that the world has ever seen. I affirm that it is the most significant, because it bases itself upon that solid foundation which no ingenuity can subvert, no logic can overthrow. Even the men who discountenance our doctrines are indebted to it for the triumphs which they have achieved. Herbert Spencer and the liberal writers of Europe, although they disavow a belief in Spiritualism, are in the main working for us.

MRS. A. E. DE HASS.

I do not feel like making a speech after listening to the able remarks of Mr. Rehn, but I am impressed to read a poem, published in the *Banner of Light*, entitled—

THE ANGEL, by THOMAS WICKERSHAM.

It illustrates a phase of Spiritualism which is of deep interest to us all, the return and identification of familiar spirits:

God bless thee, Jimmy Nolan, and by his spirit-band! My soul salutes thee, angel, a guest from summer-land. I hear the spirit voices—they whisper in my ear; I know I am immortal; departed souls are here.

Thy coming, Jimmy Nolan, is wonderful to me. My fervent prayer is answered, my soul from doubt is free, I thought not, in my weakness and gathering despair, That God would send an angel in answer to my prayer.

Thy presence, Jimmy Nolan, as messenger of truth, Is fulgent with the glory of an immortal youth, It floods with light that river—the unseen country's bourne, Streams through the secret portal, bids mortals cease to mourn.

In wonder, Jimmy Nolan, I here confess my soul Before an unseen power of mystical control, Who will believe this marvel—that I, with mortal breath, Have talked with thee, immortal, beyond the gate of death?

In myst'ry, Jimmy Nolan, our friendship thus began, Though not thy brother nason, I am thy brother man; In faith, in works, in worship, in love and holy prayer, "We meet upon the level, we part upon the square."

Believing in old legends—old myths of long ago, Is not the faith our spirits in such learn to know, Faith in the soul's communion that proves a heaven near— That proves a "real presence" from heaven present here.

In duty and in kindness we ever work and toil, Not with that ambition that seeks the victor's spoil, But with high aspirations, in common brotherhood, Our great reward for action the joy of doing good.

We own that mystic worship the ancients used to know, Beside the sacred Ganges, in ages long ago; That worshiping in spirit, with souls in sweet accord, When sitting down in silence to wait upon the Lord.

We know not by our wisdom what is that wondrous power, That renders every lover oblivious of the hour; It fills and rears all creatures in earth and heaven above; Therefore the loved disciple has written, "God is love."

Not in the crowded temple, not where the priest attends, But from our secret closet our fervent prayer ascends, And prayer thus breathed in secret like incense upward rolls, Joy fills the waiting angels; their hearts pray for our souls.

Oh, may that Holy Spirit, heard in the wild bird's song, Heard in the voice of waters that gushing foam along, Heard in the angel-voices that cease their music never, Become a light to cheer us, to hover round us ever.

ADDRESS OF JACOB PARSON.

As I contemplate what Spiritualism is teaching us of ourselves, I feel as though that was its most important office. The angel world returns to us and inspires us with feelings that stir our very souls, and we learn something more of ourselves. We learn that there is a latent power dwelling within us, a fire ready to burst forth and purify our lives. They teach us how every act makes its impress on our souls; and we hear it to yonder shore. They teach us to unfold ourselves each day, and live more truly to ourselves. It is teaching us to listen to the still small voice within.

ADDRESS OF MRS. S. A. ANTHONY.

When I look around and see the progress that is going on in the world, I cannot but rejoice. I know that there are thousands inquiring into Spiritualism to-day. Not only among the Spiritualists but among the church people even in the pulpit. They may deny it, but they are seeking as you are, to learn what can be known. There are many in the Catholic church who are seeking to understand these things. I believe there are more in that church than in any other. In their families they are having manifestations that they nor their priests can not comprehend or put down. A lady came to me a short time ago, who had buried six of her family, she said, "I desire a communication from my son, for he has troubled me, and appeared to me nightly ever since he has been dead, and I want to know what it is that troubles him so much." She received a communication from her son, and when I awakened she was in tears. She told me that she went to her priest and asked him to offer prayers to lull the spirit of her departed child, but he could not do it. He told me to seek a channel where I could hear from him, but he said I needn't speak about it.

Spiritualism is the means of elevating humanity, hourly and daily. Every aspiration of a true spiritualist brings back truths from the spirit-world. Let us, then, be faithful; be true and just to ourselves and our friends in the spirit-world will ever be near us to guide us in the night.

ADDRESS OF PETER OSBORN.

In order to know what Spiritualism has accomplished, we must consider what was the tendency of the human mind at the time it was ushered in.

There was a general tendency to skepticism—not only outside the churches but in them also. I am by no means certain but this tendency would have increased until we should have had nothing but Materialism.

Spiritualism met a great and growing want of the age. It has instructed us that we not only live after the destruction of the physical body, but that we carry with us everything that pertains to our identity. It has not only supplied this demand and removed the skepticism from millions of minds, but it has modified the doctrines of the churches. I have been in the habit of visiting our churches occasionally, and I know that their doctrines have very much changed in the last twenty-four years.

ADDRESS OF ALFRED B. JUSTICE.

There is a question that I would ask us, What is Spiritualism actually doing for us in our individual lives?

We may admit the positions and phenomena presented by Spiritualism; we may look at it merely from the standpoint of curiosity, and we are no better or no worse than we were before. I do not think Spiritualism has done its work for us until it acts upon us and makes us better men and better women than we were before.

I think it has made me a better man, and I think it has made others better. I met a man the other day—a poor man, working for his living and that of his family. He told me something that Spiritualism had done and was doing for him. Passing home from his work one evening he met a very poor woman, miserably clad and smelling of whisky. She asked him for assistance. He did so, and found she wanted something to eat. He took her to a stand and got her a supper, and said to her: "I shall go by here this time to-morrow evening. If you want anything to eat, you can see me as I pass." The next night she was there, and he asked her what she did and where she stayed. She

told him at the station-house. The next day being Sunday, he took his little boy and went to the station-house of that district. He said he had never been able to reach her, but when she saw the little boy, she began to cry and said to him, "Why do you come here to see me?" Looking at the little boy, and bursting into tears, she said, "I had a little boy once that resembled him."

The man asked her to go to his house, as his wife, to whom he had spoken of her, had some clothing for her. She did not come, however, and he missed her for sometime.

One day as he was coming out of his place of business—a neat, well dressed woman came up and spoke to him. He did not recognize her. She said: "Don't you remember the woman you visited in the station-house? I am that person. I have been at work since then. I have got an entire new suit of clothes. I have had a bath, and my hair is clean. I have changed my habits. I feel like a new woman. You are the only man who ever took me by the hand. Now, I want to go out to service, and if you have no objection I shall come and see you sometimes."

What will be the result of it I don't know, but if we can make our Spiritualism practical in that way, we may be assured that it will not only make us better, but the world also.

Dr. H. T. Child remarked that we had a good meeting; and he would say—not as the churches said—we would meet again next year "if we lived," but whether in these rooms or out of them, we would meet not only next year, but often, to commemorate our anniversary. There are hundreds and thousands around us now who have met and mingled with us in the days that are past, and who are still with us, our loved ones—friends who never die.

The exercises were continued in the evening. Dr. Child remarked, that there was a phase of Spiritualism that had not been noticed, and that is our publication, in addition to the numerous books and pamphlets; there were over 50,000 papers issued weekly in advocacy of our cause.

ADDRESS BY MRS. BRIGHAM.—INVOCATION.

Our father, thou, who art the giver of all our blessings; thou, who art a blessing in thyself! No higher gift canst thou give than thy sacred and loving presence! No deeper peace can breathe through our spirits than that which comes to us with an understanding of thy love and everlasting protection. Thou hast given us all that makes life beautiful; all its joys which stand together like days, grand with golden sunlight, perfect in brightness! Thou, O father, hast given us our sorrows and rainy days, for by the dropping of human tears, the springs of human joy are fed and kept full.

We may not understand thy providences; we may not see the source of good, or understand the beauty and love dwelling in all thy designs, but thou hast pity for our ignorance, and help for our weakness; for thou art ever-mourning our father.

While we bless thee for all truth speaking to our minds, and pouring a flood of light upon the human intellect, we would also thank thee for the light that shines within our spiritual nature, which casts its light upon the soul, for thou hast kindled through all our angel labors, that glorious design to help each other; that thou hast at last, through Spiritualism, taught us that man can never die; that his soul, uplifted from the night of death; that that which men call death is but an open door for us to pass into the higher, from the earthly shore; and if mortals can go to the spirit-world, it is just as possible for spirits to return and bless the dwellers upon the earthly shore.

Teach us to be just and wise and charitable; and above all things, to seek all the light that we may have, so that it may shine on our pathway, and thus bless us, and enable us to bless others.

LECTURE.

You are aware that this is the 24th anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. To-night, we will take Spiritualism for our subject. Not that it is new by any means, but because it is true, and forever beautiful—interesting.

We know that persons have heard of Spiritualism more or less for years; and yet, they are asking the question, "What is Spiritualism?" You can find out what it is, if you read and listen attentively; therefore, that person, who, perhaps, has not time or inclination to read extensively, goes on quietly, and does not know what Spiritualism is.

We do not mean that twenty-four years ago, to-night, this subject was born into the world. We mean that Spiritualism is as old as human life, but that man did not understand it, or apply its principles or its laws, as he does those of steam, wherever these are known. You know it was a long time before mankind knew anything about the application of steam to any useful purposes. Now, how general is this. Only recently was it brought into such general use. Now the world is blessed by it; distance is almost annihilated, and electricity has become impressed into human service, as an errand boy of man.

So it is with Spiritualism—a power which has been in the world through all the ages. People wondered at it, and believed that it came to prove that there was something mystical.

Modern Spiritualism only grasped that force and explained it, brought it to man and made it useful. So, when we say its modern unfoldments have been in the world twenty-four years, we know that the principle has been in the world as long as man himself.

Spiritualism is a science, a philosophy, and a religion; its work is peculiar. You may judge of a person by his deeds; so, you can judge of Spiritualism by its works, as you judge a tree by its fruit.

What is it possible for Spiritualism to do? What does it claim to do? Men have been in doubt about the change called death, and have looked upon everything connected with the after-life as exceedingly dim, indefinite, and supernatural. They have linked all these words together.

Yet, the bible itself, stands as one grand history of the power of the spirit-world, showing that mortals have never walked alone; and that as they had their friends visible, they also had invisible friends. Through all the history of the past, we find these records. The Old Testament is full of these manifestations.

We have seen how the angels talked with Abraham, Moses, Lot, Jacob, and many others; how they came to mediums in olden times, with wonderful manifestations, and yet, useful in their way.

You can read these for yourselves, and you will find that whereas the Bible has been to you a sealed book, a compilation of mysteries, with the light of Spiritualism, it becomes easily explained; for men can understand how these mysterious things occurred in the olden days.

We find that the churches have claimed that a part of their grand strength rested in miracles. They claim their superiority above all others on this account. Spiritualism of the present day holds its light, as it were, in the centre of the universe, and while it shines brightly about its immediate position, it shines far forward into the future, with equal radiance. It shines also upon the past, and shows mankind its Spiritualism, and to-day all are connected. The Spiritualism of the present is explaining the Spiritualism of the Bible.

Spirits being able to return to-day, they are

able to tell us how they come. This answers the question of the past, just as well as those of to-day. Under this clear light, the shadows of the Bible drift away, and are seen by us no more.

Men tell us that although they believe that angels did talk with men in olden times; that Jacob saw a ladder from earth to heaven; and that at another time he wrestled with an angel, and that the shepherds heard the voices of the angels; that Moses and Elias appeared unto Jesus and the Apostles, it is very difficult for them to believe that the spirit of their mother, father, sister, or friend, can return to-day with messages of love and affection. He knows that which has been done can be done again, under like circumstances; and all that is true and good, and pure, and beautiful in the past, lives to-day, and never can die.

If, then, the spirits of the olden time communicated, we ask of these doubters why they cannot come to-day? They say the Bible age was a peculiar age, and God and the angels were in communication with mankind. Why is it that you think God gave man, in one day, all that he should require? We see the sun rise to-day and pour out a perfect flood of sunshine; but these sunbeams do not say, look upon us—we are the children of God, fearing his golden signet, but there can be no other day—the night cometh.

We know this is not so, for when the day passes and the night-time cometh, other days will follow as surely as night follows day. God is like the sunshine; he did not pour a flood of spiritual radiance upon the ages of the Bible in particular, for their morality was by no means peculiar; neither was the intellectual development of the Jews, equal to many of the other nations. He gave them wisdom, because they needed it; and he gives it to us to-day for the same reason.

There is work enough for angels to do, for their inspiration has never ceased to flow, and humanity have known more or less of it, according to their conditions; and so, Spiritualism lives to-day as it did then.

If you study profane history, you will learn that all the old philosophers knew something of what Spiritualism was. Socrates was a medium, and conversed with his spirit guide, or demon, as this was termed.

Confucius, the Christ of the Chinese, gave them an inspiration almost equal with that which Jesus gave. So we find something of the same kind among the old philosophers—many who gave out the most identical words with those which the spirit gives us to-day. Constantine was a clairvoyant and saw many visions, which the spirits gave him.

Joan of Arc was one of the most wonderful of all the mediums, whose lives have made glorious the past. We find their experiences are repeated in many instances to-day, only they could not understand these things as well as we do.

In modern times, to be a medium was either to be worshipped or made a martyr of. They were supposed by some to be influenced by the Divine Spirit, and by others to have familiar spirits. So, as we trace the footprints of this grand philosophy and religion, we find that men, according to their condition, feared it, or worshipped it, but they seldom appreciated what came to them either intellectually or spiritually.

The manifestations to-day have become more clear, and now as we look back upon them, we can scarcely find a family who have not some treasured ghost story in their history, dreaded and feared by the trembling children, because it was not understood.

You have heard, to-day, the history of the manifestations at Hydesville, N. Y., and the wonderful discovery of the intelligence which these convey, the grand fact which marks the day which we celebrate. Twenty-four years ago, that intelligence was first discovered by a little girl, and since that it has gone all over our land, and all lands. In the family of the Wesleys, there were wonderful manifestations, but they were denounced as being the works of the devil, and anti-christ, and no good results could come from them. There was one daughter—Elizabeth, who had received evidences of immortality, and the only evidences she ever had from these invisibles.

But, says one, they come as a disturbing influence. Don't you know before you can have a harvest the ground must be disturbed, plowed up, and the harrow must go over it; so before the world can have any great good there must be agitation and disturbance—something to unsettle it, and then something good enough to settle it upon a higher plane. Then, as no truth is ultimate, again and again will it be disturbed, and each time lifted higher after these manifestations.

We know that in the past Spiritualism has presented some unpleasant aspects. When we take history just as it stands, we conclude that the old witchcraft of Salem bears the same relationship to Modern Spiritualism that a green apple bears to the ripened fruit. It is the same kind. There were manifestations of mediumship, genuine and true, which people could not understand.

Sometimes people say, "If Spiritualism is true, why does it not explain itself, and introduce itself to the world?"

It came just as soon as the world was ready to receive it. When Modern Spiritualism came forth with its rapping mediums, they were mobbed,—it was dangerous to venture abroad, so benighted and superstitious were the people. Some of the ministers went to investigate this, and they have come back, saying nothing about it. We have known judges, lawyers, doctors, some of the ablest men and women of the country to investigate this, and they have become satisfied that it is true. We remember in your city Prof. Hare, at one time considered the leading chemist in the world, said, "It is absurd to suppose that this power comes from spirits." He commenced investigating it, and soon became satisfied of its spiritual origin.

Spiritualism has gone into all the churches, and is doing its work there among the ministers and the people, yet there is a fearful tide of skepticism sweeping over these. Men do not know whether there is really another life beyond this, when their fathers and mothers and the little golden-haired children are laid away in the silent grave; they do not know that they shall ever meet them again.

As this doubt widens and increases thought throughout the land, the world has a great want, and that want is what Spiritualism can supply. Every doubt is set aside by the positive knowledge of the immortality of the soul, which Spiritualism alone brings to man.

Spiritualism does not say we want to build a new church. We do not want to have a special sect or creed. Spiritualism wants to make itself as free as the sunshine and the waters, that wherever there is a soul that wants light; that thirsts for the waters of eternal life, it shall be satisfied.

Spiritualism has spread abroad in the world, until to-day there is not a nation or class of people but feels its power in a wonderful degree. In every church in the land this influence is felt. There are preachers who receive inspiration from a source which their congregations know but little about. There are circles being formed, and mediums are being developed all over the land, and the great work goes on.

At the close of the lecture, a poem was improvised.

Our Correspondence.

JOHN BROWN SMITH is open for engagements to give a course of independent lectures on the "Science of Human Life," in Pennsylvania or adjacent States, during the spring and summer, West during the fall, and South in the winter season. Engagements only made for one week in which eight lectures will be given, etc. "The Science of Human Life," "Republican Government—its True Principles," "Universal Suffrage," "Temperance—its Moral, Legal, Physical, and Medical Aspects," "Labor and Capital—their True Relations," "Vegetarianism—its Evolution of Man," "Man—his Spiritual, Moral, Physical, and Social Nature," "God—in the Science of Life." The First, Seventh, and Eighth Lectures embrace the subject of Spiritualism. Permanent address, 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAN—THE PHYSICAL.

[From John Brown Smith, Our Traveling Correspondent.]

A study of the best conditions for securing the harmonious unfolding of humanity, has excited a deep interest in earnest, thinking minds in all ages; but at no period in history has there been such a multitude of investigators in the various fields of practical thought and experiment as to-day.

A dependence on an extraneous power outside of the soul, for producing a plan of salvation which will furnish a loop-hole to avoid the inevitable effects of violated natural law, has cursed by its mythological teachings, all past experience of soul evolution.

It is difficult for this generation, raised under the contracted influence of a false science of life, to conceive of the native expansion of intellect, freedom and independence of thought, vigorous and symmetrical development of both brain and body, which is possible for every person who is nurtured in accordance with the conditions demanded by the pure instincts and inherent laws of self-development in all mankind. At best, we can only make an effort to grasp the fundamental principles inherent in man's organization, which will serve as mile-posts to all travelers, indicating in a general and special way, if possible, the true pathway of life.

"Man, know thyself" is a proverb which will stand while human bodies can exist on this earth, with equal force as of old, to urge forward all scientific investigators in their grand labors of practical utility, in furtherance of the cause of soul evolution.

It is becoming gradually, and finally will be universally acknowledged, that knowledge is the only savior which can secure continuous progression. These facts make the study of man the vital question to every person who has been thoroughly emancipated from extraneous mythological Gods.

It has been gradually forced upon the minds of scientists, that the functions and faculties of man and animals are precisely of the same character, only differing in degree but not in kind; the same laws control in the reproduction and growth of their physical organisms.

The same difference in degree, but not in kind, is found in their instinct nature, but unfortunately this time in favor of the animals, in degree at least. As all higher developments of organized life have of necessity to come up through the experiences of all lower conditions, the question is pressed home with force to the mind, as to whether this loss of acuteness of the instinct nature of man ought to exist as a fact.

A careful study of the natural instincts of animals that roam in freedom in the wilds of nature, will furnish us with the data for the statement that pure instincts exhibit self-regulating powers, almost entirely wanting or perverted in civilized man. His finer and more sensitive organization ought certainly to be equally able with animals, to roam amid a thousand poisonous plants, and have sufficient acuteness of instinct, to select like them only that which is best for the sustenance of the physical body. Nature is no discriminator in her laws; they apply with the same unrelenting force in all like conditions and powers, or functions. Let us learn wisdom from the dumb animals of the forest, which will put to shame the egotistical pomp of ignorant, man-made Gods; they exhibit a simplicity in habits of eating, drinking, and other matters of hygiene, which are the very fundamental principles of life, and which if persistently put in practice, would eventually eradicate almost all sickness, intemperance, crime, corruption, and degradation.

Thousands of families in our free Republic to-day, have entirely discarded the offices of a religious teacher, while other thousands have discarded the old family doctor. Instruct the people in physiology, anatomy, and hygiene, in a thorough, practical manner, and both of these twin brothers of dogmatic barbarism will depart before the light of a true knowledge of life principles.

I speak not against Nature's true physicians, but only against an arrogant, dogmatic system of medicine, without a redeeming trait, and which increasing knowledge must soon bury in oblivion.

Sickness is by many not any longer looked upon as the indication of an "All-wise Providence," but the inevitable result of the violation of physical law.

In fact, men go so far in these advanced days of thought, as to question the correctness of a condition of society which demands that laborers shall work at severe, muscular occupations for ten or fourteen hours each day, in order to support a family; such a condition of things is evidently not upon a sound basis; yet our present methods of living, which habit seems so determined in retaining, are very deficient when critically analyzed. Much of the expense and labor of household drudgery might be saved to women, by adopting methods of simplicity in the selection and cooking of food.

It is wrong to exhaust all of the vital energies in muscular action or labor, and a true reformation in relation to a correct science of life, must begin at the foundation. It is about time that people recognized practically, that a brilliant intellect is of no use to a person who is possessed of a weakly, diseased, dyspeptic pretense of a body.

Physical Salvation means pure instincts, correct habits of eating and drinking, without which it is difficult to govern the passions; good health, which secures to us a joyous, pure love for the true and noble;—these treasures are only obtained through obedience to the unchangeable laws which regulate all organized life.

Faith or religion is of no use in saving the body from violations of eating, drinking, working, sleeping, resting, or breathing, yet these daily violations will deprave the manifestations of the soul to such an extent as to destroy the capacity to be happy in a rational heaven. All the prayers, faith, devotion, and worship of saints can not in one single particular avoid the inevitable penalty of violations of physical law; these laws are like the fundamental principles of arithmetic, because it is not possible to understand the higher principles of the mensuration and algebra of life, until you master them.

The life processes of the involuntary functions of the body, constantly receive their propelling power from the brain independent of the will. These tearing down and building up processes press forward with activity during the whole of life, through the medium of the circulation of the blood; the constant action of the heart and other internal viscera carry forward these functions impelled by magnetic energy from the brain.

The method of liberation of these magnetic forces from the atmosphere is wonderful indeed. The lungs perform the double office of inhaling a pure atmosphere from which the magnetic currents are liberated, and conveyed by the network of nerves, which branch from the arteries and center in the brain, hence, the very existence of life depends upon a constant supply of these currents, and an inferior quality or deficient quantity at once strikes at the very foundations of life. The exhaling process of the lungs is carried forward for elimination of unnecessary elements from the body, and only pure air possesses the proper chemical properties to carry forward this function effectively. The mental and physical capacity for labor or vigorous effort is governed by the efficiency of the lung power largely; if these qualities are desired by the public from lecturers, they must furnish conditions, or both speaker and audience will go to sleep. Philadelphia, Pa.

Items from Lois Waisbrooker.

BRO. JONES.—I should have written a week earlier, but was prevented by a severe cold which nearly prostrated me. My last, I believe, was written from Erie, Penn., the first Sabbath in May. From thence, I went to Hudson, Ohio, to spend a pleasant week with my daughter and grand children. Dear little ones, how fast they are distancing their infancy; six and ten years of age. In eight years more Laura will be eighteen, and if she follows in the steps of her grandmother—a wife and mother, and I—well, three times eighteen, and a great grandmother. Really, it makes me feel quite ancient. A week soon rolls away, and the pilgrim feet can tarry no longer, and Tuesday, May 14th, finds me in Wooster, Ohio. Nearly eight years since I passed through Wooster, stopping one night at brother Nailor's. They received the wanderer kindly, but being unknown to fame, and somewhat sad and unsocial, even the name of their guest passed from their memory, and in after years, when "Pebbles," "Heart Leaves," and "Things as I See Them," attracted their attention, they often expressed a wish to see the author, and sometimes talked of writing to her, never dreaming that she had been beneath their roof, and was holding them in loving remembrance all these years. Nearly alone in their faith, they have kept their lamp trimmed and burning, and soon the bridegroom's cry will gladden their ears. Wooster shall arise and shine, for the dawning of her day tarrieth not. A day and a night, and nine copies of my books to be read, of ninety-nine each, and each to yield its thirty, sixty, or a hundredfold in the years of the future—this, making due discount for the barren soil of careless readers; thus much to seed the soil, and then I passed on, leaving to the angels the care of the germination which, matured, gives the bountiful harvest.

"Ripen for the hands which sow it;
Ripen for the hearts which nourish—
Both shall share the harvest bliss."
—Maywood Blossoms.

CRESTLINE

next claims my attention; not so much from the prospect of doing, as that of rest and social converse with valued friends. While here, a clergyman, member of the Anti-Secret Society Association, desired a hearing that was refused the Methodist Church, and failed also to get a hall. The next night, a man who had traveled with Mark Twain, wished to give a lecture on the "Holy Land," and the church doors opened readily, while the minister gave his active influence in gathering an audience. The friends of the opposer of secret societies proposed that he give his lecture upon the street, near the aforesaid church; and on the same night that the "Holy Land" was being discussed, a prominent Methodist remarked some two or three times during the day, that it was a convenient place for brickbats. Brickbats in prospect, and "Holy Land" carried the day. Free country, this! Free speech encouraged! Enlightened, Christian people! Left for

CARDINGTON

on Friday morning, where the Hagars, Smiths, Ewings, and many others, equally faithful, are watchful for the success of the good cause. Found sister Rouse, companion of the ascended J. T. Rouse, here. He has gone where sightless eyes are unknown, while she remains

"A lonely wanderer here."

Friends, give her the sympathy of your loving hearts, and angels will bless you. Books in good demand. Oh, when will the time come when health will permit of the added power of the living voice, to aid the written word!—The coming autumn, I hope and trust.

Went to Ashley, on Sunday; attended the Lyceum, and when the paper, prepared by the children, was read, the first selection was from "Maywood Blossoms." A thrill of pleasure, to find that thoughts penned in obscurity, were thus becoming common property. The fact that some copies of my books had preceded me, helped to the sale of several more, and weary in body, but content in mind, I returned home with the Cardington friends. I must not forget to state, however, that the hall at Ashley is being re-built as fast as possible, and they hope to dedicate it on the Fourth of July. A fitting day, for though Orthodox fire destroyed their old hall, it could not consume the zeal of those who have broken the chains of theological bondage from off their spirits. On Monday, May 21st, went to

MARION

a growing town, where I met with good success, and good friends. Sisters Cowles and Shaw, have labored here and at neighboring points in the State with good success, and here, the latter was called by a minister of the place, "That Spiritualist hag." "Blessed are ye," etc. Tuesday night found me at the hospitable home of Dr. Cooper and his good wife, and Wednesday, on to

WINCHESTER, IND.

to tarry for a night in the house of Brother and Sister Bradbury. Usual success. "Yes, I have read your Helen Harlow's Vow, and I want the others." This is the home of sister Amelia Colby, and the people in the region round about have found it out too. She is no still-born child of the kingdom. Thursday evening finds me in

ANDERSON

and Dr. Westerfield, already on the alert for the comfort of those who should come to the Convention, meets me at the station with a kind greeting, and says to the hackman, "Take this lady to Mr. Stratton's." Thanks, Dr. for finding me so good a home; and thanks, Brother and Sister S., for your kindly sympathy; and indeed, they were all kind, so I do not see how I can consistently leave out any. Thanks to you all, good friends; may your shadows never grow less.

The Convention was a grand re-union of old friends, and the forming of many new friendships, which hope fondly says, will grow brighter with the coming years. Work was also done, the results of which will be known in the future.

The speakers present were Leo Miller, Dean Clark, Robert Dale Owen, Cephas B. Lynn, an ex-Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Kendallville, Ind., Amelia Colby, and Addie L. Ballou; a constellation of seven.

On Friday evening, Leo Miller gave an excellent discourse upon the subject "Woman—

her relation to temperance and other reforms," taking ground that woman, with the ballot to aid her moral power, had failed to accomplish—grapple with, and overcome the demon of drunkenness.

Saturday evening, Robert Dale Owen favored us with a calm methodical discourse upon "The Present Aspects of Spiritualism." The first two days of the Convention were taken up with business and conference meetings. Sabbath morning was occupied by Mr. Stewart and Dean Clark. I was a little afraid of the ex-Rev. I expected a sort of hybrid—a mixture of Orthodoxy and Spiritualism—but I was happily disappointed. The trumpet he blew gave no uncertain sound. Brother Dean I had never heard before, but I was not long in deciding that he was an earnest and capable worker.

In the afternoon, Cephas and sister Colby occupied the time. Cephas is deservedly popular. I do like to hear him talk, but he brought in more of Jesus, and Our Father in heaven, than usual. It might have been because he was enjoying the hospitality of an Orthodox family. However, as to Amelia, she certainly had the thunder and the lightning from the platform, and a tempest of applause from the audience; and if the still small voice was lacking, and the Hebrew God absent, she seemed to be very little troubled about the matter. In the evening we had sister Addie Ballou and Leo Miller. The fact that brother Leo was the first and the last speaker of the Convention, is praise enough for him, but of sister Addie I must speak further. The God of Lois blesses her every time I think of her bravery. Brave, yet her sensitive spirit shrank from the known opposition of friends to the subject chosen; and this with other disturbing influences, prevented her doing herself justice, as those who had listened to her before well knew. But those who had not, said, "If you call that a failure, I don't know what success would be." "The simple earnestness with which she told of the wrongs of the outcast and crushed ones of earth, was eloquence in itself." "It made a deeper impression than any lecture of the course." Such were some of the comments made upon what the dear sister was grieving over as a failure. Heaven bless you, sister, I would rather have such failures than the success which too often yields but stupid staccos and loud huzzas. If we can reach people's heads through their hearts, it makes but little difference whether it is done eloquently or not.

Robert Dale Owen was elected President for the ensuing year. Dr. Maxwell, with others whose names have escaped me, Vice-Presidents, and brother Buel retains his post of Secretary; and now, though well pleased in the main with the Convention, I must

CRITICISME

a little, or rather, point out a danger to which we as a people are liable. We are too well pleased because the great ones of earth begin to notice us. We are flattered, because those who sit in the seats of influence and power begin to pat us on the head. BEWARE! Do not get tipsy with elation, or ere you are aware, you will find yourselves chained to those same seats of power.

"We are not infidels; if you are, go and form your societies, and work in them." Such was language used in opposition to receiving delegates from liberal societies, who did not call themselves, as a body, Spiritualists. The opposition was a success too, for when they found they could not exclude such delegations under the Constitution, they went to work and changed the Constitution, by an article which admits only of delegates from strictly Spiritual Societies, and of acknowledged Spiritualists where there is no organization. Lo! the poor infidel. Crucified between two—, the church denouncing them, because they will not accept the claims of a supernatural superstition, and the Spiritualist rejecting them because they have not had the evidence, as yet, which will enable them to accept from the scientific side. I don't see, BROTHER JONES, what these poor outcasts are going to do, unless they help BROTHER FRANCIS find God.

But, really, what was the cause of all this sensitiveness about receiving delegates? The Barnes will is yet to be tested, and if they do not hold to the strict letter of a Spiritualist Association, they fear they will lose that seven hundred thousand dollars. Well, it is a large sum, a grand charity. Rightly used, it will be a blessing to the poor children of Indiana. I should very much regret seeing it diverted from the purpose for which it was intended; but there is such a thing as paying too much for the whistle; and the poor children of Indiana would gain more through the influence of a liberal Spiritualism which attracts the honest infidel to earnest investigation; would gain more through such a Spiritualism without a dollar, except what their own warm hearts prompted them to give, than they can with the Barnes estate thrice told, under the control of a sectarian Spiritualism. It is a grand charity, but is it not time we learned that justice is before charity; and is there justice in collecting money to prosecute the Barnes will case, while a crippled son who supports an aged father, talks from your platform without compensation? Is it justice to collect money for said purpose, while a frail woman, upon whom helpless children are dependent for support, pleads for the crushed and wronged "nobody's child," in the touching language of true womanhood; does this form your platform, with no provision for compensation, but traveling expenses only? She had no farm to fall back upon, no lucrative profession—nothing to make up for loss of time, and wear and tear of the physical frame.

All laid upon the altar, and ten or twenty thousand dollars used to sustain such as will penetrate the veiled places as fearlessly as she is doing, to bring the buried wrongs to light; such a sum expended thus, would do more for the poor children of our country; more in the form of prevention, than seven hundred thousand expended as cure. More anon.

Battle Creek, June 2d.

A Note from the Author of Con-tinues.

BRO. JONES.—The first volume of the "Master-ton," a work which I promised to the readers of "The Life and Moral Axioms of Confucius," is now in the press of Emil Schöber & Co., Detroit Michigan, and will be ready for the market about the first of July. The Master-ton, or Reason and Recompense, is a treatise upon mental and metaphysical phenomena, and is given as the result of a most wondrous experience, as a subject of trance and conversational communion with the "immortals." I have spoken with spirits in audible hearing of the mind, for something better than three years and a half, and in this work I have endeavored to give a faithful account of my realizations, and the knowledge which I have gained.

Due notice will be given to those who have subscribed to this work, as per advertisement in "Confucius."

The "Master-ton" is to be a 12 mo. volume, of 400 pages, and will retail at \$1.50. Postage 20 cents.

MARCUS WRIGHT.

All orders for the above work sent to this office, will receive prompt attention.

Book will be forwarded as soon as published. —ED. JOURNAL.

Watertown, New York.

BROTHER JONES: I write to inform you how happily and late the Cause is progressing in this dogged, bible-bound city.

After having had a general sectarian stirring up at the hands of the pioneer Wilson, satisfied with his philosophy, we wanted but the phenomena brought forth to carry on the assault against the prejudiced parapets of Orthodoxy.

Reading accounts in the columns of your ably edited JOURNAL, of wonderful materializations taking place in various parts of the country, we earnestly wished that we could have something of the kind occur here, little anticipating our wishes were to be gratified by the unexpected coming of our gifted Brother, Harry Bastian, in our midst.

Stopping over at my house on his way to the North Woods for recreation and recuperation, he obliged a few friends by holding a *seance* for their especial benefit, when I tell you, they were treated to a Pentecostal Feast, the words do not convey half the pleasure and happiness we experienced from the bounteous bill of soul-food served.

In the dark, or first part of the circle, spirits came, talked, touched and handled us; took rings and a watch from wearers, carrying them about the circle. A few showed themselves to Mr. Taylor, Mr. B's companion, who is a clairvoyant, and by description, were recognized. Several whispered their names, and did many other things too numerous to mention.

In the next, or light part of the *seance*, more than six different faces appeared at an opening in a cambric curtain, each identified as the dear departed friend of some one present.

I, myself, had a pleasing, if not remarkable test which, elating my heart with happiness, also gave me convincing proof of the soul's progression.

A little, dimpled baby's hand and arm appeared, holding a small pink rose bud, and pointing toward me, seemed to bid me take particular notice. Not imagining what the flower symbol could mean, I thought, and as it appeared again, remembered when my infant daughter was buried, a similar bud had been placed in her hand.

Soon a sweet little face loomed in sight, which I at once saw was that of the dear one. Overcome with joy, not supposing the request would be granted, I asked if she could show herself as she was at present, and pretty soon a beautiful young lady's face came up, which all present saw, bore a resemblance to the first. This was to me, undoubted evidence that the spiritual body has growth and change in the after-life.

Others in the circle received equally as good personal tests of their spirit-friends' presence. Altogether, the *seance* was one of very gratifying and pleasing results, and the friends now look forward to a further fulfillment of their earnest desires when the mediums return from their vacation.

Your paper comes regular to perform its weekly mission among its many admirers here, telling that the Cause of Truth is gaining a solid foundation everywhere, so I do not doubt but before long the large-lunged excitors of the fear of the wrath of God will, like Othello, find their occupation gone.

I hope your worthy JOURNAL has regained its pre-burned out power, and that it may long continue in its noble work of advancing and advocating untrammelled thought. M. S. DAY.

Another Mysterious Clock.

FRIEND JONES:—I am happy to inform you, that your good and highly appreciated paper finds me at my own domicile all right. I am lending my copy round freely to the friends, knowing that it only needs an introduction to increase its circulation. May God speed the JOURNAL in all its purity. Oh! I am perfectly delighted with Judge Edmonds' letter, and the one from Bowling Green also. 'Tis too bad, that the glorious boon to mankind—Spiritual Philosophy—should be made the hobby of every new *ism* and *humbug* of the day. But I leave it for those who are competent for the task, and move on toward that

"OLD COTTAGE CLOCK."

Now, BROTHER JONES, pardon me, but really I could not resist the inclination, or rather the impressment of my dear spirit-guides, to add one more of very recent date, to the list of a late issue. But to be brief. I have an eight-day brass clock upon the mantel in my bedroom, which has not been allowed to strike (through choice) for at least fifteen years. We never wind up the striking weight. But on Saturday evening, before Easter Sunday last, I was in at one of my neighbors, and we chanced to be relating the different freaks of clocks—their death knells, etc., etc.

I went home and retired about ten o'clock, when I was startled and frightened most fearfully by an awful peal from the clock. It struck one only, but very loud, as if it had been done by a sledge hammer, in the hands of the living. Never will I forget it. But the greatest wonder has yet to come. My living family only consists of three. My husband and son were both absent. It was no wonder the token should frighten me.

In my agony of mind, I entreated, in a fervent manner, for an immediate answer from my dear spirit-friends, that if they meant it for our *trio* to let silence be the answer; if not, for one of my family to please strike once again, which they did almost immediately. Now comes the sequel. In one week, my sister-in-law, in the state of Illinois, died, or rather passed on into spirit-life. Yours respectfully, MRS. M. T. EDWARDS.

Cottage Home, May 7th, 1872.

P. S.—Please tell us through your paper, whether spirit-pictures are a fact or a humbug? I have only been a Spiritualist about eight months, consequently, can't swallow everything at once. M. T. E.

REPLY: Spirit pictures, spirit likenesses, spirit photography is a veritable reality, and if you want evidence of it send to this office for specimen. See advertisement.

LOST WOMEN.—Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these lost women, and the attitude of society toward them? A little child strays from the home enclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer, and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulation! There are no harsh comments upon poor, tired feet, be they ever so miry, no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments, no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. Let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from it by the scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she return of her own accord, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering again? Far from it.

At the first step she is denounced as lost!—lost! echo friends and relatives—we disown you; don't ever come to us to disgrace us! lost! says society, indifferently. How bad these girls are! And lost, irretrievably lost, is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah, will not these lost ones be required at our hands hereafter?—Mrs. Burleigh.

Voices from the People.

DUNLEITH, ILL.—Dr. E. E. Perkins writes.—Mrs. Perkins has just finished a course of lectures there in Dunleith, Ill., each lecture God, and the their medium, took her in the audience, giving many tests which have created much interest.

LOGAN, UTAH.—Robert Camm writes.—I am quite interested in the "Search After God," and I hope it will continue, and afterward be published in pamphlet form, as in my opinion it would be one of the most interesting books extant.

NEVADA CITY, CAL.—Mrs. J. Ludley writes. I was pleased to see the announcement of the arrival of my friends, Bro. Todd and wife, in your city, and hope they will meet with a hearty reception for to my mind there can not be found any I shall do all in my power to obtain more subscribers for the JOURNAL.

CINCINNATI, O.—G. W. Kates writes.—There are no present prospects of lectures from the regular society. This conference, as an outgrowth of the lyceum, shows that it is doing a good work. The lyceum is the right end of the work for development of our organic capacity to begin at. We feel proud of it, and are taking courage and becoming hopeful.

ORAMEL, N. Y.—Geo. W. Carpenter writes.—The weekly visits to us of the JOURNAL are hailed with interest. I can't see how any body can get along without it. It is the first paper that gets read here. Occasionally I get our Orthodox neighbors to read it of late, so I think they are not quite so afraid of us as they were when we came here. Ignorance and religion have always been opposed to all reforms.

SHELL ROCK, IOWA.—Sarah A. Engle writes. What a stain it would have cast upon the glorious cause of Spiritualism, in the eyes of opposers, if our Bro. Slade had not acquitted himself so nobly in his defense. We rejoice that he did so; and most sincerely do we desire that he, with thyself, may feel the life-giving presence of the angels, to support and sustain you in your noble enterprise of ever battling for the truth. "He is the freeman in the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside."

ROCKTON, ILL.—Aaron Shores writes.—Your valuable paper is beginning to be appreciated in this town. The few that are taken, are read by more than those who take them. Some who are bound in Orthodox chains have a desire to break away from them. Some of them who can read the JOURNAL on the sly, will do so; and there is considerable inquiry among them as to the genuineness of the manifestations they read in your paper. If we could have a good medium for physical manifestation, a good work would be started here. I am doing what little I can to get new subscribers for the JOURNAL, a paper which I can not afford to do without.

STILES, IOWA.—F. M. Milliken writes.—This business of healing is new and very strange to me. One year ago last February, a copy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was put into my hand, and in its columns I read a remarkable case of healing, which I set down as a grand delusion or humbug. Mediums had told me fifteen years ago, that I was to become a great healing-medium. I did not believe a word of it. It appeared to me to be absolutely impossible. But since January 20, 1872, I have been healing the sick; have cured catarrh of twenty-seven years standing, and dyspepsia of all ages and stages; also one case of insanity. Fevers yield to my touch like magic. I am more surprised than my patients. I am rejoiced that the "Search After God" fell into such able hands. The JOURNAL has something good for all who think for themselves. Long may you live to send it forth.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.—Wm. F. Peck writes.—Our lecturer, Dr. Taylor, who has just returned from New York, has created quite a stir here by his account of experiences among the mediums while there. Very many are anxiously seeking the light, and thanks be to the good angels, many are finding it, too. Not a day passes but some timid Orthodox brother or sister importunes me for an opportunity to attend a circle, but they want it kept quiet, for "what would the church say if it should be found out?" There are no less than four members in good standing in Orthodox churches in this city, who are rapidly being developed as mediums, to my own knowledge, and still the work goes on. Oh, if this cursed spirit of intolerance could be exercised, what grand results would be witnessed. However, it is no doubt well enough as it is. Spiritualism grows as fast as it should to be healthy.

NEW MADRID, MO.—S. L. Ruffner writes.—For three months past, a friend of this place, who gets your paper weekly, has been kindly turning it over to me, after reading the "Search After God" and other leading pieces. At the time I took up the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I thought I should be worthy my notice—believe as I did then, the Spiritualism was the *ism* of all others the most supremely mad and wild. At that time I believed but little, if at all, in a future state, and over my darkened road hung the black clouds of materialism through which not a single gleam of "gospel light" could ever penetrate to dispel the gloom. I groped along, expecting little though craving much, without faith in the teachings of man's immortality, yet yearning in my soul for a tangible, certain, demonstrable proof of an existence beyond the tomb. If one may rely upon the accounts of phenomena as given in the JOURNAL every week, I see no reason why every candid mind must not, upon investigation, come to the conclusion that Spiritualism is supported by truth, and is therefore worthy of the confidence of all. I wish "more light" from "The Jebatule Land."

GARDNER, KANSAS.—A. M. Cummings writes. In a school-house near by, my neighbors are praying to an imaginary God. While their horses, which have served them faithfully during the week, stand, hour after hour, tied to the fence mine are munching the delicious grass; in the meantime I am resting, not because it is Sunday, but because rest is as necessary as labor. We have been brought to a knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism through the mediumship of one of our own household, my wife's sister, a girl of sixteen years, became developed at our own family circle, and was repeatedly controlled by our deceased brothers and sisters, in a manner too plain to doubt. And then, an Indian doctor would come and administer magnetic treatment to my sick wife (with good effect), and then the great medicine dance would follow, in which all in the house had to take a part, either willingly or otherwise. But there was one remarkable phase of mediumship which I must mention before closing—the phenological examinations given while under Indian control. A few strangers were invited in on the occasion of some of these examinations and acknowledged them to be correct in every particular.

IOLA, KANSAS.—Mrs. M. C. Culver writes.—The well-known Dan Rice announced by his posters that he would exhibit his circus here the 15th of May. He arrived at the time appointed. There did not seem to be the usual excitement consequent upon the arrival of a circus, and the prospect was dull for a crowded tent. At the afternoon exhibition there were only a small number present. When Dan made his appearance in the ring, he informed those in attendance, that he was met by two revival ministers, and that they tried to persuade him to abandon his purpose of exhibiting in Iowa, informing him that he had of exhibiting in Iowa, "turning point" and one young man on the "turning point" all their feared the bad influences would ruin all their efforts! Dan very eloquently deplored the weakly efforts of the young man's brain. He said he condition of the circus thirty-five years in this circus business, and never before had he been requested by bigoted, hypocritical ministers, to suspend business. He said it was left to the great State of Kansas, in the little village of Iola, to nourish bigotry and intolerance. The consequence was, the evening exhibition called out but a few persons. He thanked the preacher for advertising gratuitously for him. His eloquent, sarcastic ridicule of the religious bigotry of the clergy was quite a feature of the evening's entertainment. He ridiculed the idea of man being born again; he thought his audience had the good sense to believe they were born right the first time.

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THE IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS; OR GENESIS AND GEOLOGY. 80 pp. Paper, price 25 cents; postage 4 cents. Cloth 40 cents; postage 8 cents.

WHAT IS RIGHT? A lecture delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 6th, 1868. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents.

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With full directions and prescriptions for their treatment and cure.

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Frontier Department.

E. V. WILSON.

E. V. WILSON will lecture in Wheaton, Ill., on Sunday, the 20th of July, 1872, at 10 o'clock A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M., sharp time. Matter for his department did not arrive in time for this issue.

Select Poetry.

THE LAND OF SOULS.

BY H. WINCHESTER.

From the beautiful Land of Souls,
Across the river so deep,
There comes a spirit and my form enfolds
In a sweet and delicious sleep;
And I dream of that beautiful land,
And fragrant with flowers of love,
Enchanted, bewilder'd I stand,
And list to their music above.

From that beautiful land of light,
When all around me is still,
And the stars peep out so pure and bright,
While the song of the whippoorwill
Carries me back through the lapse of years
To the loved of long ago,
Then softly in my dreaming ears
Comes a voice so sweet and low,

And tells me a tale from the Land of Souls,
Of grove, and bower, and lake;
How day after day new scenes unfold,
And joys that all may partake,
And drink from the river of life evermore,
And eat of the fruits of love
In the Land of Souls, on that ever-green shore
Away in the regions above.

Oh, beautiful Land of Souls! away
Beyond the river of Time,
I hear the shout of children at play—
Little children that once were mine;
And my heart leaps up, and, wild with joy,
I gaze on that beautiful scene;
For I see in the group my own darling boy—
But the Valley of Death is between.

Oh, beautiful Land of Souls!
A few more years of pain,
Then away the dark clouds will be roll'd,
And we'll gaze on thy beauties again;
And forever and ever to rise,
Till the earth-stains of life disappear,
And down from the beautiful skies
We'll come earth's children to cheer.

—D. W. Hull, an earnest laborer in the cause, has gone to Kansas again, to lecture and heal the sick.

—The attention of all interested in building is called to Bicknell & Co.'s advertisement in another column.

—Bro. W. S. Downing, of Half-Moon Bay, California, is doing great good by his liberal distribution of progressive literature.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey gave us a fraternal call this week. He was on his way eastward, and will attend the Sturgis Yearly Meeting.

—The Minnesota State Convention of Spiritualists takes place at Minneapolis, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of June.

—A. E. Carpenter, one of the ablest advocates of the Harmonical Philosophy, is now laboring in New Hampshire.

—Mrs. E. A. Williams of Oriskany Falls, New York, lectures and attends funerals, in the central part of the State.

—Mrs. M. A. Campbell, one of our most gifted and talented speakers, is lecturing every Sunday in the Opera House at Utica, New York.

—Brother G. Ferguson, of Clifton, Texas, writes to us, speaking in high terms of the mediumship of Mrs. A. C. Pierce, of Waco, Texas. She is a writing, rapping, trance, and healing medium.

—Dr. Perkins and wife have been lecturing at Dunleith, Illinois, to large and attentive audiences. Mrs. P. gave some fine tests. They are now open for engagements between Dunleith and Hannibal, along the Mississippi river.

HUDSON TUTTLE has been lecturing at Clyde, Ohio. It is amusing to observe the snaps and snarls that this eminent author has been subjected to in consequence of his unswerving fidelity to principle. Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly has fairly boiled over with rage at the position he has assumed and so nobly maintained, in reference to the "New Departure." Notwithstanding that, he has maintained his equanimity, and we doubt very much if there can be found in all the ranks of Spiritualists, one who is held in higher esteem, or who has been instrumental in doing more good for humanity than he has. His books are read to day with keen interest. His "Arcana of Nature," and "God-Idea, and Christ-Idea in History," are works that will survive him, and be read with profit by future generations.

LIVE STOCK SHIPPERS AND FARMERS whose market is Chicago will do well to notice the advertisement of A. Bundy in another column. Mr. Bundy has been closely identified with the live stock interests of the Northwest for more than a quarter of a century. He is a very superior judge of live stock, a fine salesman, and a gentleman of the strictest integrity. Having been personally acquainted with him for thirty years, we can heartily recommend him to our friends consigning stock to this market, with the full assurance that they will get the highest price and quick returns.

The Golden Age.

Theodore Tilton, its able editor, says: "The Golden Age has become (let us say it modestly) a leading representative of the liberal movement." It has hoisted the "Greeley flag," and made Col. Fox, editor of the late Present Age, its agent to secure subscribers. Price, \$3.00 a year, during the campaign, one dollar; seventy-five dollars for one hundred copies to campaign clubs.

Address Theodore Tilton, Box 2848, New York City.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Astrological Origin of Jehovah-God, of the Old and New Testaments; being an argument on God in the Constitution of the United States. This is the Title of a pamphlet of 40 pages, written by D. W. Hull. It is full of food for thought, and every Spiritualist or free thinker should give it a careful perusal.

Natures Laws in Human Life—an exposition of Spiritualism; by the author of "Vital Magnetic Cure." Boston: Wm. White & Co. This book is highly interesting and instructive, and will take a high rank in the literature of Spiritualism. It treats on a variety of subjects in an able manner, and presents facts of great value to every Spiritualist.

The Science of Health. The first number of this new health journal is published. It is devoted to an exposition of all those agencies so vitally related to health and to the treatment of disease, such as air, light, temperature, diet, bathing, exercise, sleep, electricity, and all normal agents and hygienic materials. It is an independent journal, published in the interests of the people, which is certainly a strong commendation. Address the publisher, S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

The Herald of Health. This Monthly, for June, is a very excellent one. The opening article was written by the Great Hufeland, in 1795, and is entitled "Abstinence from Physical Love in Youth." Parents, put it into the hands of your boys and save them from vicious habits that lead to ruin. \$1.25 a year. Wood & Holbrook, 15 Laight Street, New York.

Scribner's Monthly for June has as many as fifty-three illustrations, those accompanying Mr. Richardson's "Traveling by Telegraph" (second article) being of extraordinary richness and beauty. There are pictures of Harrisburg, glimpses of the Susquehanna, Havana and Watkins Glens, Seneca Lake, etc., etc. Another interesting illustrated article is on "The City of Warwick," England. Professor Hilgard, of the U. S. Coast Survey, explains with maps, tables, etc., his curious and important theory of the center of gravity of populations. In fact, the June number is a superb one, and well worthy of careful perusal.

Spiritual Conventions.

The First Spiritual Society of Lowell, Mich., will hold their Quarterly Meeting in Union Hall, the first Saturday and Sunday in July.

Mrs. L. A. Pearsall and others are engaged to speak for us. M. N. PUEBLE, President.
Lowell, Mich., June 7, 1872

The Spiritualists of Hancock county, Maine, will hold their Fifth semi-annual convention Saturday and Sunday, July 6th and 7th, in Ellsworth, commencing at ten o'clock A. M.

A cordial invitation is extended to the mediums and all who would like to meet with us. The friends at Ellsworth will do what they can to make homes for all during the convention free. It is expected that Mrs. Abbie W. Tanner of Vermont, Mr. A. E. Carpenter of Massachusetts, and other good speakers, will be present. Per order Committee of Arrangements.

MOLBERG KINGMAN, Sec.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Dr. T. Bond passed to spirit-life, Sept. 13th, 1871, aged 68 years, 2 months, and 19 days.

Passed to spirit-life, March 25th, 1872, of heart disease, Lilla A. Rawson, daughter of Manly S. and Laura A. Rawson, of Jamaica, aged 12 years and 9 months.

Huldah Butler passed to spirit-life, from Pittsfield, Mass., May 10th, aged nearly 87 years. She embraced Spiritualism 20 years ago, about the time of the so-called Rochester rappings, and received great comfort and consolation thereby.

Special Notices.

Use Dr. Henry's World's Tonic and Blood Purifier.

It is the great household remedy, pleasant to take, yet potent for the prevention and cure of diseases. It is better than Bitters, Cordial, Buchu or Sarsaparilla. Sold by Druggists

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The great soothing remedy. Price only 25 cents. Gives rest to the mother and health to the child. Sold by Druggists.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Likenesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

Any book or treatise published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, touching on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberal Thought and Progress, can be obtained through return mail by remitting to Dr. Allen Pease, Terre Haute, Ind., box 54, at the publisher's price. v12n2tf

Mr. Lyman C. Howe,

Trance Speaker, will lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists, at their Hall, No. 99 West Randolph St., every Sunday morning and evening, at 10½ A. M., and 7 P. M.

New Advertisements.

Spiritualist's Home, 148 Fourth Ave., Is open for transient and other boarders who may desire a good comfortable home. Hot and cold water baths free to patrons of the house.

McFadden & Cook's Boarding House, 148 West Washington St.

The above-named parties have as nice a boarding house as there is in the city of Chicago, and solicit Spiritualists and others who may visit the city to patronize their house. They board by the day or week.

DR. J. R. NEWTON WILL HEAL THE SICK at the Kennard House, Cleveland, Ohio, for one month, commencing July 1st. Diseases often cured with one or two treatments that have been considered incurable. All not able to pay are cordially invited "without money and without price." v12n13-tf

CRANE & BYRON, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS, Stationers, Printers, Binders, Engravers, and Book Publishers. Publishers of Spalding's Treatise, and a thorough, complete, and beautiful series of Legal and Commercial Blanks of every description. Correspondence solicited. Topeka, Kansas. v12n8-12m

Sure Cure for Catarrh and Neuralgia. I HAVE THE ONLY Remedy that will cure the above diseases. In no case will it fail. Sent by mail. Large bottles \$2; small, \$1. W. PERSONS, D. M., 903 Wabash Ave., Chicago. v12n9tf

SPIRIT LIKENESSES.—Don't fail to send for the spirit likenesses of the Lincoln Family and Doctor Benj. Franklin. The Doctor holds a key, symbolical of his taking the electricity from the clouds. Both photographs carry with them the evidence of mediumship not to be gainsayed by any honest spirit artist. Address S. S. JONES, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, enclosing 50 cents for the two photographs. n13v12-tf

Hot Shot for the "Regular Physicians," so called—More Testimony for Dr. P. B. Jones.

ATCHISON, KAN., June 6, 1872.
EDITOR JOURNAL.—Dear Sir:—As I have noticed several articles in your paper in regard to the medical skill of Dr. P. B. Jones, the magnetic healer, I have concluded to add my testimony to the list. About four years ago I felt that my health was failing, and consulted several physicians, all of whom pronounced it general debility, from too close confinement in doors, and from overwork. They advised me to change climate and occupation, as otherwise it might result in consumption. I came to Kansas about one year ago, but found the change made me much worse. I have been unable to work more than one-half the time the past year, and much of the time confined to my room. I have employed several skillful physicians, but none of them seemed to understand my case—at least they did me no good, till my disease had made such progress that I felt I must get immediate relief or die.

Hearing of Dr. Jones, the magnetic healer, I consulted him. He pronounced my disease chronic inflammation of the liver and stomach, with all its attendant derangement of the kidneys and internal organs. He has treated me for the short space of two weeks, and I am so far recovered as to require his services no longer, and feel that by following his advice I can again become sound and enjoy good health.

I do not pretend to say that Dr. Jones can perform miracles, but this I do know: that his treatment in my case has been truly wonderful, and I feel it my duty to make this statement for the benefit of those who, like myself, have been suffering from some old chronic disease, and vainly looking for relief.

Dr. Jones is still among us, prospering in his good work. Long life to him, say we. A. W. SMITH.
Yours, etc., A. W. SMITH.

M. HELLEN ACKLEY,
[Medium Doctress,
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At Home from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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She will not undertake the treatment of a case she can not cure.
She will undertake the treatment of any disease, in the most fearful form, and master it.

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The Doctress will treat patients in any near or remote section of the country.
She is assisted by her mother at her home and abroad.
She is influenced by the late renowned Professors ACKLEY, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, AND BRAINARD, OF CHICAGO. Positive answers by mail, if patients can be cured.

She has her Diploma from her Creator.
As to moral character, she refers to Rev. Dr. Goodspeed; Rev. Dr. Helmer; Dr. A. E. Kilbridge, and Dr. Reid, of Chicago. v12n14-tf

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Mrs. DeWolf, Clairvoyant

AND TEST MEDIUM, and Mrs. Moody, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, have established an office at 165 West Madison St., for the cure of disease and for business consultations. They will give to those who visit them or write, giving age and leading symptoms, examination and prescription.
Terms by letter, \$2.00
n13v12-2w

Art Gallery.

Rose Brothers, 362 State Street.

The above-named firm have a fine sky-light gallery, and are taking Photographs and "Tin-Types" of the very best quality at greatly reduced prices, and warrant entire satisfaction.

They have heretofore been enabled to get a few spirit likenesses, and hope, by and by, to make it a specialty. At present they are unable to get any that will warrant them in giving assurance of success in that line. If they, by accident, should succeed, that will be to the advantage of the patron, without any extra charge for the spirit likeness.

They furnish copies of an excellent spirit likeness of a lady, taken by them in the night time—the camera being focused on the blaze of a lamp only. They have another, taken in TOTAL DARKNESS—a perfect likeness of a lady. Perfect copies of either likeness will be furnished and sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents. n13v12-tf

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Render inevitable to the reflecting soul entering it in obedience to the fiat of

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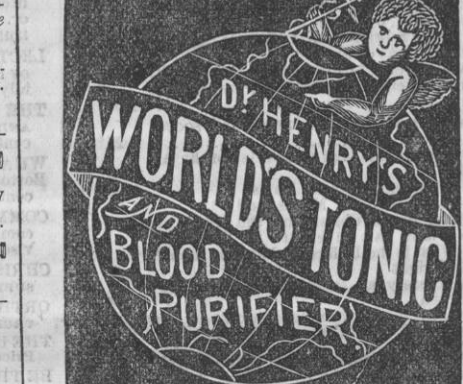
The book is composed of extracts from answers to some of the most important questions proposed at the Banner of Light Free Circles and will meet the desire of multitudes of Spiritualists all over the country. As an encyclopedia of Spiritual Information it will be without a superior.

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Its curative powers alter and completely reorganize the entire mass of fluids and even the solids of the human system, thereby preventing and curing Dyspeptic and Consumptive Symptoms, Fevers and Ague, Bilious Diseases, Affections of the Stomach and Bowels, etc. As a mild and delightful Invigorant for delicate females, it has no superior. By its use new life and vigor is given to both body and mind, sending a glow of vitality through every part, which is permanent and lasting. It is the most effectual remedy for the relief of human suffering ever discovered, and as pleasant to the taste as old rye or fine wine.

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Springfield, Mo.

Mr. Smith inclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and glossy as that of a young man of twenty.

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